

The GRAPHIC



In California: A Winter Garden.

BY CAROLINE REYNOLDS

The roses, heavy-headed with their shining pearls of dew,
Bow low along my garden path—a memory of June;
The melancholy mignonette is redolent and sweet,
A silver sickle in the sky, there swings a ghostly moon.

The reckless red geraniums that climb the garden wall,
Flaunt gaudy buds and blossoms from their frames of velvet green;
They splash their scarlet pools of flame upon the brown-ribbed fence,
And riot in a blazing mass above my window screen.

A gaunt and leafless skeleton, dull gray—a shadow thing,
The sycamore stands wearily—a lifeless withered husk.
And, rustling in the winter wind that stirs its laughing leaves,
The coral-berried pepper tree makes merry in the dusk.

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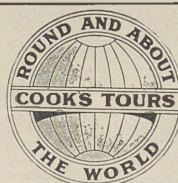
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NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER : : EDITOR

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To all our readers we wish a Merry Christmas.

WHEN THE SOUL SITS SERENE

A GAIN the Spirit of Christmas Present stands at our elbow and there is no escaping him, even down the labyrinthine ways of one's own mind. It is the time of giving without any thought of return and a time of hoping, far past one's deserts. The Christmas of song and story, with sleighbells, snow, and speeding reindeers has but a pale echo in California, but the intangible thing that stirs within us, at the memory of the shepherds watching their flocks by night, knows neither longitude nor latitude—Peace and Good-will!

Political peace has become almost a matter of course, but the "peace within, that passeth all understanding," is more and more difficult to attain as life becomes more complex. Perhaps the best Christmas present each one of us might give himself is a little of this "peace within," for, having that, all else comes, and good-will is reflected, spontaneously. "To give" is the first impulse when the soul sits serene; and the opportunity is not far to seek. If not within the house, perhaps within the gates; certainly not far away is the one to be best helped. Whether by a word, or a rose, or a gift of material value matters little. The thing is, to give of oneself, and to give royally.

Los Angeles has much to give, having received much. Will she do it? The satisfaction of victory in the late election is offset in many quarters by the bitterness of defeat. Will the victors share

the opportunities, the joy of doing, with the defeated? Will the latter put aside bitterness and work for large ends, with the victors?

Will each citizen, man and woman, work to abolish poverty, to mitigate suffering, to stop the spread of contagion? To give legitimate happiness to each child, whatever its creed or color, throughout the ensuing year? To give to every possible mother the right to welcome her child without misgiving?

These are a few of the gifts Los Angeles hopes for, perhaps, too, beyond her deserts, but all in the hands of Christmas Present to give. Let the year to come go down in peace and quietness. The happy city has no history.

MATTER OF SIMPLE JUSTICE

T HAT was a scurvy article in the San Francisco Bulletin of recent date purporting to reflect economic conditions in Los Angeles, but, in essence, proving a dastardly attack on the proprietor of one of our largest department stores. The woman writer could not have made personal investigation of the matters she professed to know about or else she deliberately distorted the facts. To declare that Mr. Arthur Letts pays the girls in his Broadway store as low as \$3 a week, and to insinuate that such a wage is responsible for more forced prostitution in this city than any other single factor is an outrageous inference that the responsible perpetrators should be compelled to face in court.

There may be cash girls, of tender age—whose parents are obliged by poverty to add to the family exchequer in this way—who receive four or five dollars a week for such services as they can render, but that is the minimum weekly stipend paid in the store and for the humblest labor. Still, the Bulletin writer might have stated that these youngsters—many not yet of the age of puberty, hence in nowise of a marketable nature—receive daily educational advantages provided by Mr. Letts at his expense, including free text books, competent teachers and study periods subtracted from their time due the store. Elaborate graduation exercises are features of each recurring end-of-the-year studies in which the liberality of the department store proprietor is marked.

If this Bulletin traducer of a man's cherished reputation had been disposed to fairness, she might have learned, and printed, that girls receiving an average of \$8 a week salary, by their commissions allowed on sales—Mr. Letts' mode of profit-sharing—are enabled to double their regular stipend and that, too, without any extra hours of labor. In fact, long before the eight-hour law for women was placed on the statute books of California Mr. Letts had reduced the working day of the girls in his employ to a minimum of seven and a half hours. These are all facts susceptible of proof, yet in no remote way are they referred to in the Bulletin article of libelous character.

Wholly outside his large contributions to the Y. M. C. A., of which he is the active president, Mr. Letts has a private almoner on his payroll who investigates carefully every case of distress that comes under her notice and to alleviate which she has a constant fund at her disposal. In his quiet, unostentatious, yet practical manner, this much-maligned, often misunderstood department store owner gives annually of his income to the extent of fifty thousand dollars. By his own energies, his own devotion to a legitimate business which he adorns, Mr. Letts has accumulated the fortune at which ill-disposed critics carp. He may not be inclined to distribute this in a manner to please these cavillers, but, at least, he is alleviating much human suffering as he goes along, healing many sad hearts by his thoughtful generosity. Let us, at this glad Christmas time, take pleasure in doing simple justice to one who has been persistently vilified in the past by those who

not only were in ignorance of these kindly qualities, but who, like the Bulletin writer, deliberately ignore the truth and delight to speak evil.

ROOSEVELT RAPS STEFFENS, ET AL

D EAR, dear! it is exceedingly embarrassing to find the colonel fulminating editorially against Messrs. Steffens, et al, apologists for the "heroes on the firing line," who at this time, thanks to a merciful judge, are not effaced from the earth. Says Theodore Roosevelt: "Murder is murder, and the foolish sentimentalists or sinister wrongdoers who try to apologize for it as an 'incident of labor warfare' are not only morally culpable, but are enemies of the American people, and, above all, are enemies of American wage workers." They are, he adds, "in the same class as the crooked millionaire, who, when caught bribing a legislature, says it was 'necessary to protect his business.'"

This point of view is interesting because it is so diametrically opposed to the one recently exposed in the columns of the Express and the Tribune, presumably reflecting the sentiments of the publisher, as voiced by Lincoln Steffens. Colonel Roosevelt characterizes the attitude of Steffens and his newspaper dupe as "monstrous in its folly and its wickedness," which sentiment differs in no radical degree from that made by The Graphic editorially several weeks ago. Posing as the friend of the laboring men, Steffens, by his course, proved himself to be anything but that, since his mollicoddling of the self-confessed murderers was an implied reflection on the laboring class which he professed to represent.

Colonel Roosevelt might have gone still further in his animadversions had he chosen to touch on the bribery end of the McNamara cases. There is a well-grounded belief that the chief apologist for the "heroes on the firing line" was interested not so much in the saving of these miserable defendants as in the man or men responsible for the paying out of the large sums of money used in tampering with the jury. This is a phase of the case the colonel appears to have overlooked in his condemnatory article in the New York Outlook. Perhaps he does not yet "savvey" the true inwardness of the delectable deal that fooled one newspaper publisher and several reputable citizens of Los Angeles into singeing their fingers with the Steffens chestnuts.

Of this attempt to cover up one of the darkest of crimes in the decalogue—the debauching of a jury—which means a blow at one of the bulwarks of the nation, all too little has been said. It may be that the coming trial of Bert Franklin in the superior court will reveal the truth and bring to justice those primarily responsible for the debauching of talesmen. We cannot believe that an agreement exists to protect any "higher up," as has been hinted. Captain Fredericks is not that kind of a district attorney.

YEAR OF ARMISTICE DECLARED

W HAT promised to be a casus belli with Russia, or, at least, the breaking of a long friendship, has been happily averted by the action of President Taft, in serving notice on St. Petersburg that the United States desired the abrogation of the treaty with Muscovy, in force since 1832. The senate was asked to ratify this action, and the house was invited to concur, which has been done. The present treaty will remain in operation until January 1, 1913, thus allowing reasonable time for the negotiation of a new agreement in which the rasping factor now under criticism may be eliminated.

Diplomatic courtesy impregnates the document, officially transmitted to St. Petersburg through the resident ambassador at Washington. No allusion is made to the controverted question of invidious passports, but the desire to effect a modern treaty of "friendship, commerce and nav-

igation" is announced as the impelling motive. In polite language Russia is told of our wish to emphasize the great value attached by the government of the United States to the historic relations between the two countries and the desire of the government to spare no effort to make the outcome of the proposed negotiations contribute still further to the strength and cordiality of these relations. The formal communication closes with the offering by the President to his excellency, the Russian ambassador, of "renewed assurances of my highest considerations."

Could language go further to conceal thoughts, to paraphrase Rouchefoucauld? While the people are holding massmeetings and the lower house of congress, though delegated representatives, is fulminating against the czar and his arbitrary ways, the executive of the nation, embodying the sentiments of the majority, in graceful phraseology, is sweeping aside the obnoxious treaty with sugar-melting mouthfuls of diplomatic verbiage, thereby soothing the pride of the Muscovite, causing the anger of the Jewish-Americans to subside, denying to the Democratic house a rare chance to play politics successfully, and robbing the inevitable Hearst of an opening to say, "I done it! Me!"

Of course, the new treaty, yet to be formulated, while being specific enough in its phrasing, may not produce the results so fondly desired, but that is a question for the future. At any rate, it will not go into effect until after the presidential election, hence cannot be made an issue of the campaign. That the Jewish people of this country have a rightful grievance is not to be denied; whether or not a new treaty will cure it remains to be seen. It has taken many years of patient submission to an autocratic government to reach the present stage of rebellion, however, and if the treaty fails of effect, there may be other ways of compelling the Russian bear to dance to Uncle Sam's fiddling.

EDUCATIONAL POWER OF THEATER

SEVERAL weeks ago Mr. William Faversham, an American actor of pronounced ability, delivered an address in the Chicago University Extension Course of lectures on the drama. He made the statement that in no profession are so many beneficial educational forces employed as in the theater, adding, "We bring to you the best of literature, the best of music to support our literature. We employ scenic artists who can visualize and stir the imagination as ably as a masterpiece in a gallery, and we also give life and illumination to work that would never reach the masses but for the art of acting."

With part of Mr. Faversham's assertion we are ready to agree. The theater can be the greatest of educational factors, but to say that the "best of literature" is found therein is, surely, too sweeping a statement. Perhaps one per cent of what the theaters produce—or have produced in the last decade—is of the superlative order, but think of the other 99 per cent! Or, rather, try to forget it. Tommyrot, when it is not claptrap or pornographic in tendency, largely comprises this overpowering exhibit. As excuse for offering pernicious plays and vicious "musical" shows the producers tell their critics that they only give what the public demands, as if that relieved them of all further responsibility.

This is equivalent to a plea of "guilty, but with extenuating circumstances." We deny the alleged palliative causes. It is a catering to the lower, hence depraved tastes, solely and wholly because of the certainty of good box-office receipts. Mediocre actors and young women of comely appearance, innocent of nothing but talent, are engaged to give a show that will catch the frivolous-minded. Respectable men and women will sit through immoral performances and indulge in gales of laughter, much as we have seen in one of our local stock houses this week, seemingly oblivious of the quasi-indorsement they are so giving to action and sentiment that would raise the blush of shame to all if, in private life, they were brought face to face with similar conditions. Is this the result of the retroactive educational tendency that has prevailed of late years on the stage, or is it because the standards of life are retrograding?

This growing evil is not unnoticed by Mr. Faversham, who deprecates the cheap bids for sensation by exhibitions of moral and physical deprav-

ity and he finds the necessity for a strong counter movement to check it. He pays a deserved tribute to the efforts of the Drama League in this direction, which organization, he declares, can, in time, become the "prime minister" of the theater-going public in America. He is optimistic enough to believe that "all that is for the best" in the theater is coming about, which is creditable to his heart if not to his head.

When he passes to the progress made in the attainment of purer English he is on safer ground, because there is a distinct attempt noticeable to pay more attention to the niceties of pronunciation than was wont to be the case. We agree with him that the glory of our language is the purity of its speech, its beauty of diction, and in endeavoring to reach this higher standard the theater is distinctly educational for, unconsciously, the audiences are being educated by ear, if not by eye.

His remedy for banalities of speech, for the clipping of final letters, that full values may be given to the vowels and consonants, is fine training schools, throughout the country, intrusted to careful directors, aided by the best of the theatrical profession. He points out an ideal institution in the Gower Street School, London, in whose directorate is included such notables in the theatrical world as Sir Arthur W. Pinero, Sir John Hare, Sir George Alexander and the Bancrofts. These leaders in the dramatic world, working with unselfish enthusiasm, not only attend the examinations and rehearsals of the budding geniuses, to judge of their merits, but with the greatest care select the teachers who are to be in charge of the place in the various branches.

We have no such representative school in America. There are many local institutions strung out from New York to the Pacific coast, many of which are doing conscientious work to the best of their respective abilities, but a national school of drama, of a high order, such as the Gower street enterprise, is not to be found this side of the Atlantic. What an opportunity to supply a long-felt want! Our own Fred Warde might well abandon the lecture platform to gather about him, in a central city, the talent necessary to found such a school. Surely there will be capital forthcoming for so laudable a purpose! Once established, and its merit proved, this college of drama would attract students from all parts of the country. In time, with such an alma mater, what a powerful factor for the betterment of the stage, for an incentive to finer plays, more conscientious producers, more cultured audiences! Speed the day when this splendid means to an end takes tangible shape.

TARIFF BOARD SUPPORTS PRESIDENT

WHAT a lucky thing for Mr. Taft that the tariff board upholds the contentions of the President, made last August, when, in vetoing the wool bill, he said that in his judgment the schedule should be revised and the rates reduced. In his recent message on the subject he restates his position, to wit, that his veto was based on the ground that with the exhaustive report of the tariff board coming due in December it was the part of wisdom to await an impartial and accurate statement of fact bearing on the industry.

After reviewing this report, through the various illustrations and recommendations, item by item, in which much argument for lower rates in the schedule is presented, the resultant findings indicate that compensatory duty for numerous classes of goods embraced in the schedule under examination is much in excess of the amount needed to equalize the difference in manufacturing cost at home and abroad. Observes the President:

I venture to say that no legislative body has ever had presented to it a more complete and exhaustive report than this on so difficult and complicated a subject as a relative cost of wool and woolsens the world over. It is a monument to the thoroughness, industry, impartiality and accuracy of the men engaged in its making. They were chosen from both political parties, but have allowed no partisan spirit to prompt or control their inquiries. They are unanimous in their findings. I feel sure that after the report has been printed and studied to this schedule of the tariff, it will convince all of the wisdom of making such a board permanent in order that it may treat each schedule of the tariff as it has treated this, and then keep its bureau of information up to date with current changes in the economic world.

As to the wisdom of this latter recommendation

there can be no question. The United States alone of the world powers is derelict in this respect, its information meager and of haphazard quality, not reliable, not down to date. We have long urged the necessity of getting on a par with competitive nations to the end that our industries, as well as the consuming classes, might benefit, or, at least, get a square deal. This comprehensive report on the wool schedule is an object lesson worthy of deep study, not only for the light it sheds on a much-discussed staple, but because of the argument it presents for a permanent tariff board that will consider all schedules on their merits and help to take the tariff question out of the hands of politicians.

GRAPHITES

With Russia harrying Persia at Tabriz, Italy bayonetting Arabs opposing aggression at Tripoli, China engaged in an internecine struggle and Mexico still indulging in revolutionary antics, Peace, blessed Peace, this glad Christmas time seems to have been a trifle delayed in transit. Roosevelt and his Nobel prize to the front!

Senatorial etiquette would seem to leave to Mr. Perkins the privilege of naming the federal sub-treasurer of the San Francisco mint, but it appears that the incumbent, W. C. Ralston, whom Senator Perkins would reappoint, voted against Hiram Johnson, which has so shocked Senator Works that, irrespective of Ralston's fitness for the office or his good record, the junior senator will oppose his confirmation. Of course, this sort of politics has a boomerang effect. When Mr. Works is anxious to name one of his supporters to a federal office in Southern California he may find his desire thwarted by his colleague from the North, bent on evening accounts. It is a poor political rule that will not work both ways.

In a spirit of compromise the deadlock in the legislature on the proposed reapportionment measure gives way, allowing the state to be re-districted on the basis of one assemblyman less than the allotment of the original Thompson bill, which gave Los Angeles eight senators and sixteen assemblymen and San Francisco seven and fourteen respectively in the two branches. This agreement comes after a long and acrimonious struggle in the special caucus. Indications are that it will be accepted by the reapportionment committee and be rushed through to final enactment this week.

President Taft's campaign managers profess to be jubilant over the situation in New York, which indicates, at this writing, a solid delegation to the Chicago convention for the occupant of the White House. To effect this it looks as if Vice President Sherman will have to be placated by a renomination, which additional handicap to the ticket the Taftians will endeavor to bear with all the philosophy they can command. It is a high price to pay for harmony in the Empire state. Naming of a strong Western man might help the President in his coming struggle to succeed himself.

Having given his approval to the Aldrich plan of currency reform, whose chief feature is the proposed National Reserve Association, Mr. Taft, in a special message to congress, said that while the bankers could be better trusted than anybody else to conduct it, he favored government supervision in which ultimate control should prevail. He added: "I also trust that the new legislation will carefully and completely protect and assure the individuality and the independence of each bank, to the end that any tendency there may ever be toward a consolidation of the money or banking powers of the nation shall be defeated."

According to the President, there is now little doubt that the Panama canal will be finished in about eighteen months, or around July 1, 1913. The same satisfactory progress in the work noted last year has continued with the prospective result of a completion of the gigantic task a year and a half ahead of the time estimated by the engineers. The zone is forty miles long and ten miles wide.

Vernon is Recognized

J. V. Akey, selected by Mayor Alexander as a police commissioner this week, is one of the best known residents of the southeastern part of the city. He has always taken an active interest in politics, especially the municipal branch, and in the Vernon section he is regarded as a sort of guide, philosopher and friend by scores of the residents in that vicinity. He is the owner of Akey's hall out there, and of other valuable property. He should prove a credit to the administration.

NAZIMOVA IN "THE MARIONETTES"

MADAME NAZIMOVA, or Nazimova, as she now prefers to be called, is appearing at the Lyceum theater under the management of Charles Frohman in a role of very different character from any that she has played since she became an English speaking actress. That she is able to characterize this role as vividly as she did her more exotic parts of a few seasons ago means new appreciation of remarkable power. "The Marionettes" is an artificial play, rather wooden in its mechanism, not original in theme, somewhat crudely translated, but it provides an opportunity for Nazimova again to demonstrate her admirable technique, her remarkable power of make-up and her unusual control of facial and bodily muscles. The play concerns Marquise Fernando de Monclars and the scene is laid in Paris. The marquise is a young girl, just out of a convent, awkward, shy, serious-minded, preyed upon by the attitude of her husband. The marquis, against his will, has been forced by his mother, who holds the purse strings, to marry the girl of her choice. Fernando has always loved him, but the marquis, who has conceived an extreme aversion to her, believes only that she has underhandedly schemed to marry him to gratify a desire to have a title and to live in Paris, and he is making her pay the penalty. He is brutal in his cold tolerance of her presence and in his refusal to have any human intercourse with her. At last she puts his feeling for her into words. Outraged, she determines to get what happiness she may from life in her own way.

* * *

It is in this act that she is most interesting. She has the courage to make herself look the dowdy, countrified girl, with hair drawn back, stooped shoulders, awkward movements, shy, frightened manner of speaking, and ill-fitting, inappropriate clothes. Her manner of inserting herself through the door on her first entrance is quite wonderful. The mere entrance establishes the whole character and situation. And the efforts of the marquis and his friend, Nizerolles, to extract anything from her except a monosyllable or a shake of the head are as ludicrous as they are pathetic. Her careful, noiseless opening and closing of the door, her crab-like sidling across the room, her frightened effort to gain the bell before her husband's friend, Pierre Vareine, can do it for her, and her sliding out of the room again with her fingers clinging to the surface of the door are a mute apology not only to her husband, but to the inanimate bits of furniture for her existence.

* * *

It transpires that she has known Pierre's cousin and that he has had her picture in her nun's costume by him for years, as a kind of guardian angel and between them is developed a bond of sympathy. In this scene she uses a gesture that is excruciatingly funny and extremely effective, but for the sake of the play it would better be omitted, for its impulsive, crablike awkwardness emphasizes the impossibility of the transformation of this crude girl into the graceful, accomplished society woman, with an intuitive knowledge of how to handle men, who appears five weeks later. She has refused to accompany her husband on a projected trip to Nice, and as he is free to follow his own devices, he promptly resumes relations with Lucienne de Jussy and passes the interval with her in Switzerland. In his absence Fernando transforms herself into a woman of the world, and her husband returns to find her in Nizerolles' house, at a reception, the center of admiration. As she is now altogether desirable, he tries to make love to her, but she is too conscious of his former cruelty to permit it, and he cannot penetrate the society armor that she has put about herself.

* * *

Four weeks later they are entertaining friends. It is apparent that they love each other, but that neither knows the other's real feeling. The old uncle of Fernando, whom she has kept near her, tries to bring them together, but it is only after a crisis that his efforts are successful. Fernando is left alone with her husband, and his friends go next door to a reception. Pierre comes back after the others have gone to tell her of his love and to plead that she go away with him. She refuses. Later, he calls her up on the telephone. As she is about to answer, her husband comes into the room. For his benefit she says things which lead him to suppose that she is considering an elopement with a man of whose identity he cannot be sure. In his jealous rage, he tries to extract the man's name from her, but, failing, he determines to set her free. It is in the final settlement that Fernando takes the uncle's advice, "do not tell him that you love another, but be very careful not to tell him that you do not love another." At last,

the marquis takes her in his arms and the tempest in a tea pot is calmed and they are presumably happy ever afterward.

* * *

The remarkable thing about Nazimova's impersonations is her power, apparently, to change her size. In Hedda Gabler she seems abnormally tall. In this play she appears a good eight inches shorter. Whether or not she resorts to little tricks at times to convey this illusion is unimportant; the important thing is that she assumes for each role a distinctive size, a distinctive appearance, and a distinctive voice. Much of the work of characterization is done, therefore, merely by a clever use of the audience's eyes and ears. Her gowns are exquisite in the second, third and fourth acts, especially in the latter, where a chiffon overdress, after the fashion of the Japanese, makes her appear curiously little and doll like. Quite apart from the futility of the play itself, in which the comparison to marionettes and their introduction is forced and extraneous, those who miss Nazimova's characterization will miss one of the fine things that this actress has to her credit. The other members of the cast are good. Arthur Lewis, as the uncle, is delightful, and the Pierre Vareine of Charles Balsar is appealing and effective. Edward Fielding, as Nizerolles, is easy in his playing, and Frank Gillmore, late of the New Theater stock company, as Roger de Montclars, is attractive. He plays well, except for an occasional excursion into cheap melodrama, which is unnecessary, out of place and ineffective.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, December 18, 1911.

Nocturne

Now ebbs the life blood of the stricken day,
Flowing in crimson o'er his robe of gold;
Now into infinite grayness fade away
The ranged peaks, bowing their shoulders old
'Neath their white mantle, shivering with the cold.
Over the world's edge steal in dark array
Night's gloomy outposts, bolder and more bold.

The mocking bird has sung the world to sleep,
Chanting the fragrance of forgotten flowers;
And left his realm to the shy things that creep
Lightfooted, watchful, through neglected bowers,
Where hunts the soundless owl; and all the powers
Of the tense darkness congregate to keep
Invisible revels through the moonless hours.

This is the moment dedicate to thee,
With wreathed smoke and contemplation vain,
And invocation to sweet memorie
With winged visions to distract my brain;
So the desire whereof my heart is fain
The passionate rapture of a dream may be,
Though empty-armed I must awake again.

But O! how slow the tedious hours drag by!
How little fraught with failure or success;
How long the night when, unconsoled, I lie,
Nor dreaming wake to thy divine caress.
Ah! when that hour comes, how our lips shall press
The wine of life's long ripened ecstasy,
And for past longing take a dear redress!
C. H. BRETHERTON.

Oil Land Suits in Sight

Early in the New Year the government will begin its long contemplated suit against the Southern Pacific, involving oil lands in this state valued at several million dollars. It is reported, upon excellent authority, that among the first of the steps to be taken will be an application for a blanket injunction, restraining not only the Southern Pacific, but also the Santa Fe and the Associated Oil Companies from further drilling, pending the outcome of the trial. Should this petition be granted it will mean a curtailment on a large scale of the present oil production for an indefinite time. Los Angeles operators appear to be financing the federal suits, which are to be hotly contested on both sides. The litigation bids fair to prove of tedious length. It is reported that Francis J. Heney is to be of counsel for the government.

Misericorde!

"Joy to the world!" the white-robed choir sang;
"Joy to the world!" the Christmas anthem rang
Through the wide church; and those who worshipped there
Echoed the words, then lent their lips to prayer.
"Joy to the world!" The glad sound reached the ear
Of one who stood without, deterred by fear
From entering, lest Wealth and Pride should frown
At Poverty's presumption.

Glancing down,
She noted her worn shoes, her tattered dress,
Harsh ravages of Time, the pitiless.
She felt the pangs of hunger. The rude cold
Shook her bent form, grown prematurely old.
"Joy to the world!" she muttered. Hard and gray
Grew her wan features as she turned away.
—WILLIAM H. ANDERSON.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

WHAT follows will defy the caption, unless it be accepted as a date line alone, for I intend to be more or less impudently personal—which, "O moi talaina" (translated "to my subsequent sorrow") was occasionally my wont when I sat in the chair now far better filled by the editor of The Graphic. After long years, my only apology is that I never wounded any man intentionally—unless he seemed in my poor judgment to deserve it and his pickling seemed to be for the preservation of the community from fantasy or fraud.

* * *

And the inspiration to write thus personally—is it be from above, and not a delusion from below—is seasonable. For Christmas is the most personal season of the year. The older a man gets, the more he yearns for peace—a quiet conscience and sympathy with his fellows. If, as most of us must, we fight for 358 days of the year—if only to keep our heads above water—there comes one week of respite, before we must balance accounts for the new calendar. And during that brief spell it is of fondest comfort if we can appropriate enough of the Christ advent to be able to pray that our debts may be forgiven as we forgive our debtors.

* * *

Forgiveness is such an easy word, and no hard task, so long as the balance is in the hands of the forgiver. It is far harder, my masters, to bear the burden of him who craves forgiveness. To crave forgiveness one must have a contrite heart—and such is not very fashionable in an age when the ideal of manhood is to be able to look every other fellow in the face and tell him to go to perdition—if he counters your glance.

* * *

All these are words, and may be cryptic and obscure, but they are designed, at least, to express the spirit—not of one who aspires to be more Christlike than Christ, but who realizes humbly that 1911 years have only begotten in him a minimum of Christian charity against a maximum of human guile, lasciviousness and sin.

Labored is the apology, but sincere the lay. And to be explicit, the concrete example may always illustrate the abstract. So here goes, and it is still more personal than the foregoing confusion.

* * *

An exceedingly talented and charming woman from Los Angeles has been sojourning here for the last ten days. She used to have a high opinion of me personally and also of my penetration, experience, and sympathy as a critic. She assures me she likes me still, but she has revised her estimate of my critical ability. And this was her complaint:

"You must be growing old"—the deadliest insult from a woman's point of view, but a prized tribute to the man who realizes that ageful experience is the only doctor emeritus—"why—you don't write any more as you feel, but only as you think. Your notice of my work is kind, of course, but when I read it I could see you writing it—and weighing every word."

* * *

Every word of my lady's criticism of my criticism is true. "Boys, flying kites, haul in their swift-winged birds. You can't do that way when you're flying words." The more you esteem the lady, and the more you value her work—the more scrupulous you are in determining its weight, color, purpose and influence. I called her method "simple" and "modest"—and I knew no juster words. Simplicity is the soul of art and modesty the glory of womanhood. But the modern citizeness does not like the terms. And I would not appease her displeasure, because if she reads these words—and I warned her she might see them on her return to Los Angeles as a Christmas present—and ponders them she must appreciate, one day, as she grows in grace and gathers wisdom, their virtue.

* * *

If a sweet woman, who knows the world, its sweetness, sorrow and sin, ventures into the realm of interpreting the work of bold men and women who write of woman and labor, the devilry of the doctors, and love and marriage, and succeeds in inducing a cynic who himself believes that there are still things on the earth below that are better laid bare in privacy and not brought out of a dissecting room to be displayed in the shop window—if she does all this "simply" and "modestly" I submit for the consideration of any able jury the argument that she has essayed a Herculean task with the grace and skill of a goddess. If this is not a comely message and seasonable, then it is not really Christmas and I am not a Christian. For personal purpose only, yours,
R. H. C.
San Francisco, Christmas.

Latest Paris Successes in Music and the Drama---By Frank Patterson

SAINST-SAENS has written his *Götterdämmerung*. His gods have died amid encircling flames and have marched away into the eternal repose of Walhalla, or Olympia, which is the same thing. And Saint-Saens declares that he is done, that this is to be his last work. I, for one, sincerely hope so! For this thing of taking up the time and labor of a great theater in producing works that are not operas at all, but merely dramatized oratorios, is annoying to say the least of it; annoying because, for each such work staged, an infinitely more deserving work has to be shoved aside, since it is impossible for any opera to do more than a certain number of operas in one season. There is "The Life of the Poet," by Charpentier, composer of the successful and beautiful "Louise," waiting, still waiting, as it has been for a year or more, to be seen on this very stage, that now has the new work of Saint-Saens, and there are a number of others that it would not be difficult to name.

Beginning with "The Damnation of Faust," by Berlioz, the operas, not only of Paris, but of other great cities as well, have taken to staging works that are nothing more and nothing less than oratorios. "Samson and Delilah" is the same, and now this "Dejanira," which had its public rehearsal last night. This is not saying that Saint-Saens is not a great composer. That he certainly is! He is in every way a master of his art. But his ideals are not the ideals of the operatic stage. They may be higher, for the ideals of the operatic stage are not always high. But they are not operatic. They undo the work that Wagner accomplished with so much toil and patience. They set on the stage a sort of music that is rather symphonic than dramatic, in other words, oratorio. Not that the work itself is bad. Had it been written a hundred years or so ago we would be pleased to see it "revived!" But to encourage this sort of work in a living composer, to set up this sort of an example to our younger school! That is surely bad! And it has a more serious side. For, be sure, if any unknown composer were to bring such a work to our opera houses it would be promptly and firmly refused. The composer might well say: "But you did as much for Saint-Saens!" That would help him little, though the opera managers might be at a loss for an answer. This reverence for tradition, for the classics, is all very well when the composer is once dead. Praise him then all you like, even the worst of his works, for he cannot rise up and begin again. But if the composer is alive! If he has absolutely no respect and no admiration for modern advancement! If he simply acts as a drag, a backward tendency! Then, indeed, it is bad. Of what use the struggles of a Debussy, a Loeffler, a Wolf, a Dukas, and all the others of the valiant little advance which is striving to blaze the way into a new country, mysterious and unexplored? Of what use is their effort if a composer who steps voluntarily backward into the style of years ago can win success and honor?

But enough of "Dejanira." If you want to know its plot, look in your mythology books. There is nothing new about it, no new treatment such as Wild gave to his "Salome," which served as libretto for Strauss' opera, or such as we find in "Elektra," of the same composer. In this new opera of Saint-Saens, Hercules, for the love of Iole, repudiates Dejanira, who revenges herself by enveloping him in the blood-stained robe of Nessus—a magic talisman which encircles him with devouring flames to which he succumbs and, like Wotan, takes his place in Olympia.

* * *

Let us turn now to something of which it is a genuine pleasure to speak: a new work by a new man, which gives promise of advancement along the sanest lines of the most modern school; for that is what we want—men who have the courage and the talent (it takes both) to advance to the front ranks, but are sane enough not to make abstruse harmonies the sole end and aim of their ambition.

This new work is a symphony by Louis Thirion. I confess that I never before heard of this composer—not a serious confession, for most of the critics in this morning's papers admit the same. The program of the concert where this symphony was played states that Thirion was born at Baccarat in 1879 and that since 1900 he has had charge of the piano classes of the Conservatory of Nancy; that he has confined himself to the composition of chamber music, had good schooling, and that this is his first symphony. It is Opus 12 and is dedicated to Paul Dukas. It won last year what is known as the Crescent prize, and one of the papers remarks that it is worthy of a better

fate. Surely, it is as different from the ordinary dried-up, strictly orthodox school-boy compositions that generally win the prizes in these competitions as anything could possibly be.

The work belongs to the most modern school. I will not say that it shows the influence of Debussy, for all of the modern French composers are now using those augmented chords, those whole-tone scales for which Debussy gets the credit or the blame. This symphony is divided into the four parts usually found in a work of this kind, and themes of the first three parts are heard again in the finale. It is scored for an enlarged orchestra: Four flutes, four clarinets, four bassoons, six horns, three trombones, three tubas, two harps, etc. All of which would be nothing were it not for the genuine inspiration, the positive gift of melody, of construction, the power of obtaining unity, and the extraordinary ear for color, which render this work altogether remarkable. For it is easy to string out a lot of instruments on your score, it is easy to write complex harmonies, but it is altogether difficult, except for the real talent impossible, to find uses for these things. This man writes bits of cantelena that are lovely and sound almost simple, flowing smoothly along in spite of the fact that he rarely uses less than six-toned harmony, and readers of The Graphic who have studied the modern school from Hugo Wolf onward will know how difficult this is. He writes us a Scherzo that is musically and instrumentally no less complicated and yet so charmingly graceful, rustic and harlequinlike by turns that it got a rousing welcome even (or particularly!) from the twenty-cent seats in the top gallery. And all of this took place yesterday afternoon at the Concerts Colonne, one hundred and nine men under the direction of Gabriel Pierné (whose little "Serenade for Violin" everybody knows.)

* * *

After Pickwick, Copperfield; after comedy tragedy. David Copperfield is a pathetic figure, even as Dickens paints him for us; he is still more pathetic as he is seen on the stage of the Odeon, for we see him here only during a single period of his career, his boyhood days, his school life. As in the matter of Pickwick, a stage play could be made from David Copperfield only by leaving out large portions of the original work. There is sufficient material in any one of Dickens' works to make a dozen plays. In the case of Copperfield, the French dramatist has done more than merely omit portions of the work, he has borrowed from other of Dickens' works, from Oliver Twist and Nicholas Nickleby, borrowed the most disagreeable characters and scenes, and made for us in this way a most harrowing bit of drama, the picture of a helpless and innocent child, misunderstood and hated, and afflicted with the bitterness of suffering. There are tears enough until the boy is finally delivered from this prison by the fantastic Betsy Trotwood, and this happy ending, after so much harrowing cruelty, makes the play a genuine success. It is interesting to see Dickens getting a hold on the French public, gratifying to know that works written in English are gradually being translated. But, of course, from the standpoint of theatrical progress and history, this is a production of no importance. Nor is it of any greater importance than Balzac's "Cure de Village" should now be staged—not for the first time. This is the old story, familiar to all readers of novels, of the man who, for the sake of his love, becomes thief and murderer, and, for the sake of that same love, and in order to protect his mistress, goes to the scaffold with sealed lips, refusing to give those details of the crime that might save him, but would surely incriminate his accomplice. In this new dramatization it is the suffering of the woman that is made the principal feature of the play, suffering which gradually increases and becomes more and more terrible until, when she is told of the death of the man she has sacrificed by her proud and stubborn silence, she screams out her confession. The village priest, as the confessor, plays a no less important part in this than he does in the original, but in the dramatized version the name is changed to "La Brebis Perdue"—the "Lost Sheep." I do not know for what reason.

* * *

Much more important from every point of view is "Le Pain"—"Bread"—by Henry Gheon. This tragedy of the people is a powerful and impressive work, with a real meaning, a work that one is tempted to call philosophical, but which thereby loses none of its tremendous popular appeal. It possesses two qualities which are rarely found in combination: a dialogue that is almost

poetic in the best sense of that word, and a constant, intense, dramatic, almost melodramatic, interest. But I will tell you the story and you can judge for yourself:

Pierre Franc is a baker, who generously strives to lessen the suffering of the poverty that he sees all about him. He gives bread to those who are unable to buy it. War has devastated the country and for all the misery that comes the populace blames the rich. Their murmurs of discontent become louder and louder. Pierre Franc strives in vain to restrain them from taking arms, from bringing about the additional horrors of civil war. To satisfy them, to quiet them, all that is needed is food, bread. (It is evident that bread is here merely a symbolical term representing the necessities and the comforts of life in general.) But the baker has no more flour and his oven is cold. He knows, however, that his father-in-law (symbolizing the trusts) has flour stored away in his loft, that he only waits a raise in the prices to enrich himself at the cost of the people, already starving. He persuades his wife to get him a sack of this flour, under the promise that he will use it for his own family, for his hungry children only. (The selfishness of woman, of the female for the protection of its young!) But the exaltation of his work reawakens the public spirit in Pierre Franc. When the bread is baked he opens wide his doors and distributes the loaves with both hands. But the people, ever unjust and full of bitter hatred, form a cruel plot to starve the rich. Satisfied themselves, now that bread has been furnished them, they refuse even the most necessary sustenance to the hated "wealthy class." When the baker, the public benefactor, Pierre Franc, finds this out, he appeals to the people's sense of justice. Finding them utterly unreasonable and harboring but one thought, revenge, he does not hesitate to curse them and to refuse them all further support. They turn upon him, unjust as ever, and crush out his life. The scenes which depict the absolute justice and benevolence of Pierre Franc in conflict with the utter unreasoning hatred of the mob are powerful indeed.

In speaking of a play of this sort one does not care to say anything about success or failure. Gate receipts have nothing to do with the merit of such a work. The most trivial farce often wins a money success where works of a more serious character do not. The actual relative value of the two classes of work cannot, however, be compared. This play is given at the attractive "Theatre des Arts" and is most excellently mounted and acted. The movements of the crowd, always difficult to manage, are splendid, and the people look like the real people of the streets.

* * *

If you come to Paris it will be worth your while to drop in at the Theatre Michel. This theater is strictly Parisian. There is an air about it such as is hard to find anywhere else in the world. Imagine a little house capable of seating not more than perhaps six or seven hundred people in all. Beautifully finished and decorated, it has the appearance of a toy theater or, perhaps, a private theater belonging to a millionaire able to afford such pleasures. There are no cheap seats, no gallery and but one balcony; and the price of the best seats in the house as high as it is at the opera. Hence the possibility of a house with such a small seating capacity paying expenses. The plays that are given are strictly for amusement. Like the small talk of fashionable society, too serious subjects seem out of place. One goes for recreation, not to think, but to laugh, and anything more serious than a laugh is tabooed. Everybody who comes to this theater belongs to the wealthy leisure class of which Paris abounds and to which it owes, certainly, to a large extent, at least, its chief characteristic, its particular individuality. Everybody seems to know everybody else. The pauses between the acts are long and people wander around and talk in a most leisurely manner, the men with their hats on, of course, after the universal habit of Paris. Everybody is dressed in the most fashionable and expensive of evening clothes, and I assure you that, taken all in all, this theater is so entirely different from anything that it is possible to find anywhere in America, that it is well worth the time and the money for any American traveler avid of new sights and new experiences to visit it.

* * *

I had the pleasure of passing a long afternoon recently with Louis Aubert, the young and already distinguished composer of "The Blue Forest," an opera which is to have its first performance on any stage at the Boston opera house next month. The second act of this opera was given

here in concert last year and made so great an impression that the Boston company immediately obtained the rights of performance. The work had already been accepted by the Opera Comique, but cannot now be performed at that house until after the Boston opera house has given a certain number of performances.

Louis Aubert, who is now thirty-four years old, entered the Paris Conservatory at the age of nine, took his first prize when he was ten and an almost endless succession of prizes from then on until he graduated. His first published works were written when he was fifteen years old. Some of his songs and notably his concert piece for piano and orchestra are known in England.

"The Blue Forest" is a fairy story made up of the old time-worn tales of Hop-o-my-thumb, Little Red Riding Hood and the Sleeping Beauty, combined so as to make an interesting play. The music is modern and decidedly French, but cannot be said to show the influence of any well-known composer. It is wonderfully well suited to the libretto; sometimes sweet, dainty and child-like, at times full of the mysterious charm of the forest and of fairy-lore, occasionally passionate. The composer, who is a splendid pianist, played almost the whole of his work through to me and I confess that I was greatly impressed. It seems almost sure that this opera will be a genuine success.

Paris, December 8, 1911.

Eighth District Member's Plucky Fight

After he had been at death's door and given up by his physician and the members of his family, and after he had revived sufficiently to make his official resignation seem a certainty, Congressman S. C. Smith of the Eighth California district felt strong enough this week to return to the national capital, to represent his constituency. The Bakersfield man has made a most remarkable fight against long odds, and his friends in the state are delighted to learn that he is able to resume his duties. He is one of the ranking Republican members of the lower house in Washington and his loss at this time, when so many demands are made by constituents because of the chaotic state of titles to petroleum lands in California, would be severely felt. It is to be hoped that in the new apportionment act now being whipped into shape in Sacramento, nothing will be done to place obstacles in the way of Congressman Smith's renomination.

Cross Town Cars at Last

Henry E. Huntington has obtained the cross town franchises after on agitation that has extended over a period of more than six years. Why they were not granted long ago is a mystery, since the public is the one that has suffered by the delay. The ordinance giving life to the project, after its signature by the mayor, is not effective for thirty days, in order that the opposition, if any develops, may have opportunity to invoke a referendum. It is believed the much-needed transportation facilities will be provided before January 1, 1913.

Land of the Might-Have-Been

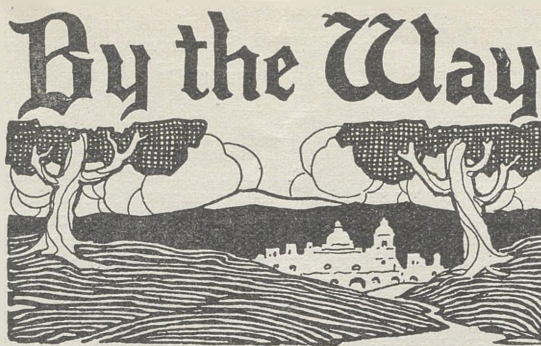
Friend of mine,
Last night in my slumber,
And angel came and stood by my bed,
And reached with his wand to the veil of the future,
And rent it asunder and said:
"O, Soul, it is writ in the Book of the Master,
That is hidden away from the eyes of men,
Of the things on the path that is never trodden,
In the Land of the Might-Have-Been."

And, friend of mine,
Like the Veil of the Temple,
The future was riven, and then—
Mine eyes beheld the Holy of Holies
That is hidden away from the eyes of men,
That lies on the path that is never trodden,
In the Land of the Might-Have-Been.

O, friend of mine,
Through a world of turmoil
I walked with a heart serene—
For me the rivers were living water,
The pastures eternal green;
The land was aflood with milk and honey,
The air was sweet as wine,
Nor rod nor staff did I need for comfort,
For, O, thy hand held mine!

When it comes at last the time to garner
My scanty sheaves from the fields of life,
And I find that the grain like chaff is scattered,
And thorns and brambles and rue run rife
I shall know what is writ in the Book of the Master,
That is hidden away from the eyes of men,
But, friend of mine, had you been one dearer
How rich had my harvest been.

CLARA M. GREENING



Back-to-the-Farm for Sunsetters

There will be rare doings at the Sunset Club Christmas festivities this season. The Yuletide celebration is to be held next Friday night and it is to be a back-to-the-farm gathering. At the risk of being scolded for placing The Graphic readers en rapport with the spirit of the occasion, I present for their edification the attractively worded "pastoral to the flock" which the curate-in-charge has sent out to the Sunset parishioners. The touchingly reminiscent poem is believed to be the work of L—s F. V—r, who was a farmer boy at Peory in the days when the late Bob Ingersoll milked the state:

I love to think of boyhood days when I the turkeys fed;
I used to fix their breakfast food ere yet the sky was red.
I used to dry shampoo the horse and manicure the cow;
I love to lie in bed and think I needn't do it now.

Dear Sunsetter: Christmas at the Old Home down on the farm—that's the stunt for our next meeting, Friday, the twenty-ninth of this December. Come one, come all and join in a good old-time gathering. Ayer's Almanac forecasts — weather. It is intended, so far as possible, to create the atmosphere and surroundings of the old home down on the farm, and each Sunsetter is a committee of one to do the best he can in helping. As the dinner is to be specially prepared, we must know how many are coming. No evening clothes. With the cows milked, the stock fed, the wood brought in, and all the chores done early; then Zeke, Lige, Eph, Hank, Bill, Ike, Zach, Rube and all of us will drink a bumper of good old hard cider from the jug before sitting down to a family dinner. And if you want a nice russet or bell-flower apple you will find it in the crock near the spinning wheel. Neighbor Arend will be over from the village with his music, and will play "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," "Little Sweetheart, Come and Kiss Me," "Seeing Nellie Home," and other good old reminders of by-gone days. After dinner there will be singing, story-telling, recitations and games. The fastest slippery elm chewer will get a pair of green mittens; the best story-teller wins a year's subscription to the Fireside Companion or the New York Weekly, and the one who can shake his foot liveliest in the Virginia Reel and Old Dan Tucker carries off a pair of copper-toe, red-top boots, already greased. Then we will mull the cider with a red-hot poker and hang the pitcher on the crane by the hearth. And, oh, the maple sugar, molasses taffy, walnuts, popcorn, butternuts and other good things! There will be talk of building stake-and-rider fences, corn huskings, shinny on your own side, town ball, ducky-on-the-rock, hop-scotch, Ante-over, sock-a-bout, mumbledepeg, playing mibs, taking grist to the mill, swimming in the pool and fishing in the creek, hunting squirrels and rabbits, raking hay and putting it in the mow, ploughing, sowing and harrowing grain, planting and digging potatoes, quilting parties, making rag carpets, skating, ticklish banter, sledging down hill, choosing up sides and playing hookey down the lane. And good old style recitations of "Casablanca," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Song of the Shirt," "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "The Old Arm Chair,"—songs like "Sweet Evelina," "Over the Garden Wall," "Grandfather's Clock," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Under the Willows She's Sleeping," and others. Let's all turn back a few years and for a little while live again in the sweet and almost forgotten past. It will do us good. We will know one another better and feel more at peace with the world.

I understand that in lieu of evening clothes Sunsetters will wear suits of old-fashioned cut, wigs to match, with proper "make-up" provided by Edgar Temple. O, there will be nothing lacking to give "atmosphere" to this back-to-the-farm reunion. A ribald soul has thus parodied that charmingly pensive poem of Tom Hood's:

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The sight of that lop-sided shack
Today would make me mourn.
The crooked little brick-paved walk,
The hen-house in the rear,
With cabbage growing at the side
And pigsty rather near.

But this latter should not be charged to the club as a whole. Ribald souls will obtrude in

spite of rigid discipline. The author, quite likely, will be ducked in the mill pond before the last jug of hard cider is emptied.

Faulty Thread Cost a Life

Bolsa Chica Club members are genuinely distressed over the death of their efficient steward, Reed Bullock—formerly of the California Club—who had served them with rare fidelity for the last six years. Following close on an attack of the grip, which depleted his powers of resistance, Reed was taken to the California hospital for a capital operation, from which he was recovering nicely when a severe hemorrhage set him back. Rallying from this he was again operated on but his heart was too weak to sustain the surgical shock and he succumbed last Saturday. His death illustrates forcibly the truth of the expression, "his life hung on a thread." It was the breaking of a stitch that cost Reed Bullock his life. Away back in St. Louis, where the catgut used by the operating surgeon was procured, a faulty strip slipped by the sorter and Fate ordained that it formed the last stitch in the suture. This weak piece of catgut was absorbed and started an orifice through which the life blood poured. It became necessary to close this opening which was done at the first favorable opportunity, but the patient's weak heart precluded success. The surgeon in charge had devoted himself to the case, having a high personal regard for his patient, and had repeatedly performed a similar operation successfully, but the faulty catgut nullified all the care bestowed and death intervened. Reed Bullock's life hung on a thread of catgut, which snapped.

Howard Huntington Greatly Improved

Howard Huntington and his wife are rambling through Europe, taking things easy. They were in Genoa when last heard from, and in the letter received from them it was stated by Mr. Huntington that he expected to pass Christmas week in one of the little mountain towns of Switzerland, about fifty miles from the nearest railroad, with the thermometer below zero. Howard's health has improved greatly, but he has not yet made any definite plans for returning home. His father, Henry E. Huntington, will probably remain in New York until March.

Modest Public Guardian

There is to be a request to the Carnegie Medal Foundation for suitable recognition of the services of V. E. Newstetter, the Los Angeles patrolman, whose heroism and presence of mind recently resulted in the saving of at least two, and probably more lives within the last three weeks. Newstetter is the crossing guardian at Second and Spring streets, who, last Saturday, stopped a runaway at the risk of his life, being severely but not fatally injured in the attempt. December 6, the same officer rescued E. J. Harriman, secretary of the American Savings Bank, from drowning in a deep excavation into which the banker had fallen. Policeman Newstetter appears to be exceptionally modest, for newspaper men urged him to pose for a picture and he flatly declined. Surely he is deserving of a medal for the latter, as well as for life-saving.

Where Activities Will Center

Broadway between Eighth and Eleventh streets is expected to show a more substantial growth in a business way than any other section in the ensuing year, according to expert students of downtown holdings. It is known that at this time there are negotiations under way for leasing the Consolidated Realty property at Hill and Ninth street, for a long period, to a syndicate which has tentatively contracted for the erection of an imposing hotel on that site. The lessors also own a corner at Fourteenth and Hill which will be improved if the Ninth street corner deal is closed. The new Huntington skyscraper at Hill and Eleventh will take substantial form early in the New Year, which will put that section actively to the front. The Consolidated Realty Company paid its first dividend of \$2 a share this week, after a five or six years' trying experience. The corporation includes among its directors John J. Byrne, D. A. Hamburger, Judge D. K. Trask and other equally well known citizens.

Athletic Club Busy

Recruiting for members of the Los Angeles Athletic Club is progressing with considerable enthusiasm and the indications are that by the time the initiation fees are to be increased, soon after the New Year, that organization will have a waiting list. The club has introduced an innovation in permitting its life memberships to be transferred by holders—subject to the approval of the directorate—for a cash or other consideration. It is the only club in the city that takes this course, hence the prediction that these member-

ships, after a time, will be held at a much higher figure than the present price. When installed in its new building, the club will have numerous attractive features not enjoyed by any other here or elsewhere. The dues, also, are to be raised, but only slightly. After January 1 the California Club initiation fee of \$300 will be raised to \$500, with the membership limit advanced to 1,000. There is an imposing waiting list at this time, and the limit is in sight.

Frank Garbutt's Versatility

What a marvel of energy is Frank A. Garbutt! His unbounded enthusiasm displayed in the building of the L. A. Athletic Club is known to all his associates, and his faculty for imbuing others with his same spirit of optimism and desire to aid is equally wonderful. Moreover, his versatility is little short of being uncanny. In sports as in business he plunges in with his whole soul, and whether it is in yachting, boring for oil or boring for a soft spot on a boxer's diaphragm, he generally gets what he goes after. These reflections are induced by contemplating his latest form of endeavor—that of publisher. To his initiative is owing the founding of the L. A. A. C. Mercury, a handsome monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the Athletic Club. I happen to know that he inspired most of the contents of the publication, wrote practically all the editorials and suggested the departmental stuff. There is an editorial board, it is true, and an excellent editor in the person of Stimson Jarvis, but it is Frank's pet project. The advertising patronage of the new magazine is liberal, the typography and press work excellent and the cover design by Ralph Mocine of chaste beauty.

Poet Turns Historian

Poet John McGroarty having turned historian the public may reasonably expect to find in his recently issued work on California a fascinating story, blending fact and romance. Nor is there reason to believe any disappointment will follow the reading. I have not had opportunity to review the history yet, but from a slight dip between the covers I am warranted in promising an intellectual treat to all who acquire a copy of Mr. McGroarty's book. I am delighted to learn that in addition to the large advance subscription list the work is selling at the rate of a hundred copies a day. If this continues there is hope that John's wager with me on the suffrage question, in which he came out an inglorious second, will be presently liquidated.

Manager Schneider as Santa Claus

In accordance with its liberal and kindly policy, long established by Manager Schneider, the J. W. Robinson Company will give to every employe a week's salary as a Christmas gift, from the highest to the lowest, and wholly irrespective of length of service. Considering the magnitude of the Boston Store's business and the number of clerks on the payroll, this is an annual exhibition of generosity of no small proportions and that it is gratefully appreciated by the employes is evidenced by the loyalty displayed in their work.

Newspaper Boys Earn Recognition

Two of my old boys of the Evening News staff achieved distinction this week. John Beardsley, who was at one time court reporter, now by the mutations of time and his own industry turned lawyer, was given temporary elevation to the supreme court bench by Judge George H. Hutton, and Clarence A. Snively, one time star reporter for the News, has been chosen police secretary to Chief Sebastian, certainly an excellent appointment worthily bestowed. It rejoices my heart to see my old boys doing so bravely and proving so great a credit to their newspaper alma mater.

Appropriate Place for a Smashup

After five weeks of painful inaction, Dr. Walter Lindley's left arm, broken in an automobile accident, is once more doing duty, although with hardly its accustomed alacrity. With grim humor Dr. Lindley tells of his contact with an opposing momentum, the breathing of a hurried prayer, the closing of his eyes as he committed his case to Providence "and when I opened them," smiled the doctor, "I found that my car had smashed into the front of the Whiting Wrecking Company's building on East Ninth street."

Mexico's Excellent Appointment

President Madero has elevated the Los Angeles consulate of the Mexican government by sending here as its resident official, Dr. Francisco Martinez Baca, who arrived at his new post early in the week. Dr. Baca is one of the influential public men of his country, who especially asked to represent Mexico in this city, although he might have had a much more important post. Under

Porfirio Diaz, Dr. Baca was chairman of the prison commission of the Mexican republic. He will prove a valuable acquisition to the Los Angeles consular corps.

Lee Phillips' Little Party

That was an adventurous band of Los Angelenos that tested the Santa Fe's new de luxe San Francisco train last Friday night, bound for Stockton and the raging canal confluents of the San Joaquin. I pass over in dignified silence the events of that journey northward, save to remark that the Harvev diner in no whit belied its enviable reputation. The party was led by handsome and stalwart Lee A. Phillips of the legal staff of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, whose genius foresaw the value of the unprotected peat lands of the San Joaquin valley five or six years ago and whose talents reclaimed them to cultivation by the splendid system of dykes he built. His associates in that undertaking have had good reason to be thankful for following his lead, since their holdings have prospered greatly under his direction. Not only have the lands yielded handsome returns in rentals, but their value has quadrupled, just as he predicted would be the case when he advised the investment. It was no child's play, either. With dredges costing from \$40,000 to \$65,000 each, and eight of them in commission constantly, it took courage of no common order to reclaim what seemed to be the poorest of bog land. But Lee Phillips was no dreamer and as we steamed up the artificial canals of the San Joaquin last Saturday and gazed on the broad, substantial causeways built under his direction I mentally determined that a fine engineer was suppressed when Lee Phillips took up the study of law, of which, however, he is an able exponent.

George Shima, "Potato King"

One of the interesting passengers aboard the Isleton was George Shima, known far and wide as "the potato king." He deserves the title. He has under lease upward of 12,000 acres of the peat lands reclaimed by Lee Phillips and his colleagues, tilled by an army of 500 Japanese laborers. When I say that George will clean up, this year, \$600,000 as net profit on his potatoes, the immensity of his operations and the shrewdness of his marketing become apparent. He came to California twenty-one years ago from Tokyo, where he had what corresponded to a high school education, and after losing the \$500 his father gave him, but retaining his blessing, he made and lost two fortunes before he conceived the possibilities of San Joaquin peat lands. Now he has a \$40,000 house at Berkeley, he bought a tract of land from the Phillips syndicate two weeks ago for half a million in cash and is easily worth two million dollars. He is only forty-six, stockily built, married and with a sense of humor strongly developed—as with many other married men.

He Drew the Red Wagon

The ride through the delta on the Isleton was a revelation to many of those aboard. We left Stockton at 10 o'clock and steamed steadily until late in the afternoon, returning to Stockton from Orwood, via the Santa Fe. In the party were such distinguished Los Angelenos as Isaac and Nichols Milbank, Robert Marsh, Judge W. H. Davis, E. W. Maxson, Dr. W. W. Beckett, Danforth Baker, Don McGilvray, Lee Phillips and myself; W. R. Staats, J. W. Edmonson, Lloyd Macy and "Commodore" Sinclair of Pasadena; Henry Fisher (Uncle Henry) of Redlands; E. T. Hotle of Oakland, and Herbert Fleishbacker of San Francisco. Truly, an agreeable company. It was inevitable that Isaac Milbank and Bob Marsh should try to "put one over" on this guileless group and they did. They sold lottery tickets at \$2.50 each on a red express wagon, to the tune of \$50.00, with Isaac Milbank as the auctioneer and Bob Marsh as the capper. Uncle Henry Fisher drew the horse, and the Commodore won the wagon. The drawing took place directly after the toothsome luncheon was discussed aboard the boat, Lloyd Macy acting as teller.

"But what shall I do with it?" demanded the Commodore, amid a breathless suspense.

I did not catch the reply, but from the roars of laughter that shook the beams of the boat, the winner knew how badly he had been "sold." Needless to say, the cash subscriptions were returned, muy pronto, but the Commodore did not hear the last of it until he escaped the crowd and went to San Francisco.

Postal and Home Telephone Alliance

For the present, it is announced, there is to be no merger of the Home Telephone with the Sunset monopoly, regardless of what has been accomplished along similar lines in San Francisco. At this end the Postal company has arranged a sort of protectorate over the Home Telephone

Company and what it represents. Details as to what this new alliance means are not forthcoming, but the inference is that the Western Union Telegraph Company will control the Sunset, and the Postal people will take in charge the opposition or independent telephone systems of Southern California, which should prove advantageous to all concerned.

Local Newspaper Changes

Newspaper changes of interest lately, following Fenner Webb's resignation from the Herald as managing editor, include P. H. Hand's leaving the Tribune, where he has been the capable news editor since the one-cent morning daily made its appearance, and the severing of editorial ties with Randolph Bartlett. Other editorial changes on the Tribune are contemplated. Fenner Webb is one of the best make-up men in the country. He has the gift of presenting a most attractive front page with the skimpiest of material. It is a curious coincidence that, twice, with the arrival in Los Angeles of Foster Coates, who is among the best of the Hearst service lieutenants, Mr. Webb has felt that he must sever relations with Hearst. A few years ago when Webb was about to accept the managing editorship of the Los Angeles Examiner, which paper he had helped to establish, the appearance of Foster Coates seemed to induce a sudden change of plan and Webb resigned. Coates came out from New York about a month ago to take over the Herald as a Hearst property, and lo, Webb's chair is vacated. Why?

News for Dr. Haynes

Dr. John Randolph Haynes, as the dispatches referred to him last Saturday, who has just been named by Governor Johnson special commissioner to represent the state in investigating the subject of coal mining disasters, is our own Dr. John R. Haynes, father of direct legislation, the initiative and the recall, although the management of the new Evening Herald apparently did not recognize him as such. The new evening paper, commenting on the appointment, said that although a physician, "Dr. Haynes has made a hobby of mining for many years, becoming interested from a sanitary and hygienic standpoint, while living in Pennsylvania." Of course, Dr. Haynes has not been a resident of Pennsylvania for more than a quarter of a century and his interest in coal mining is not hygienic at all, but altruistic. He believes there are altogether too many mine horrors in the United States, and that such accidents can be materially reduced, with proper precautions. He is at this time engaged in making an exhaustive study of the subject, having devoted several months in Europe last year to this purpose.

Judge Wellborn Retains His Staff

William M. Van Dyke, for more than twenty years clerk of the United States circuit court, is to continue at his post in the Federal building, despite the fact that his office will be effaced with the close of the year. Under the terms of a recent act of congress, the circuit court has been succeeded by the circuit court of appeals. In the reorganization process, Judge Wellborn has retained all of the members of his old staff. When Mr. Van Dyke was first appointed clerk of United States courts Los Angeles had a population of less than 50,000, and since then the federal building here has been moved six times, always to more commodious quarters. The present structure on upper Main street, now almost three years old, already is too small for its purposes, although it was planned to last at least a decade, when the million dollar appropriation was asked of congress.

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Books

One of the handsomest holiday books of the season is "The Personal History of David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens, illustrated in colors by Frank Reynolds, R. I. There are more than a score of full-page plate inserts on heavy toned paper, the subjects chosen from the leading characters made famous by the inimitable Dickens. For a frontispiece we have a figure of Mr. Micawber in his clothes of a shabby-genteel order, with his jaunty stick, not forgetting the large pair of rusty tassels to it, his quizzing-glass depending from outside his brown surtout, his black tights showing just beneath, and his gray beaver hat tipped at a rakish angle over his bald head. Betsy Trotwood, with her grim, thin lips firmly set, her figure as rigid as a billiard cue, and her hands, in black gloves, folded resolutely over her faithful umbrella is a figure to delight all lovers of Dickens. The handsome Steerforth, dressed with a tasteful, easy negligence, looking like the eldest son in an old portrait gallery, with his flowered waistcoat, his high stock and gold seal hanging from a black chain is an irresistible figure. Little Miss Mowcher, with a timer in the background, his serene, undisturbed, is a Dickensian character never to be forgotten, which the artist has faithfully visualized in a manner that does full justice to the whimsical creation. Peggotty and her husband, pacing the beach, gazing seaward in the direction of the absent one, the white gulls flying low in shore; Agnes, with her mild, but earnest eyes and a beautiful frankness in her gentle face; Uriah Heap, with his mean eyes, his closely cropped hair, the quill stuck behind his right ear, and the cruel mouth; dear old Peggotty, with his ruddy, hearty face, so vigorous and robust—what a collection it is of old favorites! Printed in large type, on quarto pages, and with a vignette of little David in black and gold as a cover decoration, this is an edition to make one's mouth water and to arouse envy in the hearts of all who come across a copy in the other man's library. ("The Personal History of David Copperfield." By Charles Dickens. Illustrated in color by Frank Reynolds. R. I. Hodder & Stoughton. George H. Doran.)

"Leaf-Shadows and Rose-Drift"

Olive Percival ought to have been born in Japan two or three hundred years ago. Who knows? Perhaps she was, perhaps her love for rose gardens and cherry blossoms, for wisterias, chrysanthemums, old color-prints and all the pageantry of gardens is a transferred birthmark. Her poetry insensibly suggests Japanese-English thought; not the odd jumble of Japanese done into English by one's honorable house boy, apologizing for the sudden illness of his honorable cousin, but the English of the cultivated maid of Nippon with her "obi wide and full-moon face," who in the center of her garden, forms an adorable picture. Miss Percival has given her friends many genre bits of verse in her "Leaf-Shadows and Rose-Drift," being little songs from a Los Angeles Garden. They are quaint, they are dainty, they are poetic in thought and expression. Whether she sings of the "Disturbers" in spring, paints the pepper-trees' lacy trails in June, limns the paling glories of an October afternoon, or portrays the havoc wrought by the winds on a silvered-pink rose in winter, she is ever exquisite, ever delicate in touch and suggestion. Not for her muse the weighty problem topics, yet in her garden she finds every emotion expressed—joy, hope, pain, sorrow, gloom, sunshine, life and decay, and in these fundamentals her spirit finds companionship, her moods reveal themselves. There is a hint of personal grief in the poetic etching, "Broken Tryst."

Through the white dawn-mist of April,
(A bird sang somewhere near!)
To the old rose-tree I hurried;
I called—O, did you hear?
I touched a red, red rose—the petals shed;
Then, then I remembered that you were dead!

Here in Southern California we know

that no daintier traceries, no more beautiful shadows are reflected than those emanating from the pepper-trees and in June they are perfect:

When the pepper tree trails her lace in the dust
And the roses rest;
When at dawn and at dusk the frogs whir in
And the rain-gods jest;
It is June, white June!

Here is a touch of melancholy which is introduced with much poetic feeling:

The petals of the flower of time, the year,
Are falling, falling;
Paler the sun;
The sweeping, unseen winds and wists of fear
Are calling, calling,
My youth is done!

Our California winter, as the tourist occasionally discovers to his dismay, is the rainy season. Miss Percival has watched a day of leaden skies and dripping leaves from her garden window and given us this:

Long, long day of winter rains
That sob and sob and drip, drip, drip like tears!
Perfect joy such gloom might be,
Sweet with roses, melody!
But, O, the Silent, the estranging years!

There are scores of equally attractive quatrains, quintets, sextets and octets, with an occasionally lengthier flight, but, in the main, Miss Percival's muse is content to remain within close call, suggesting a picture rather than essaying a large canvas. Her friends would not wish it otherwise. ("Leaf-Shadows and Rose-Drift." By Olive Percival. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.) S. T. C.

Grimm's Fairy Tales

What adult does not cherish deep in his heart a tender memory of the days when Grimm's Fairy Tales represented the lore of the world—of cold winter evenings when the hearth-fire was made all the cosier by the reading of these tales of fairies and princesses, of gentle folk and kings, who passed their days seeking to overcome the evil influences of sorcerers and witches, and who always "lived happy ever after." No wonderful literary work that pleases the esthetic mind, no stirring novel, no serious effort, will bring to the "grown-up" the same untrammelled joy that these fairy tales gave him in his Peter Pan days. It is with delight that we pick up a new edition of this old favorite—recently put out by Adams and Charles Black, the London publishers. Colored illustrations abound in the volume, depicting with modern art all the beautiful and dreadful things that abound in the stories. As a piece of workmanship the book is a triumph. But it is a sad disappointment to discover that many of the stories have been changed, and robbed of their detail in a manner not to their advantage. Hop o' My Thumb no longer goes adventuring with his brothers, but under the name of Tom Thumb does a few of the things that used to make our child-eyes dilate in wonder. Nor do Hansel and Gretel have the same startling adventures with the old witch who is fattening Hansel for her dinner. It is apparent that the compiler of the tales has confused a number of them, for the dear old stories we remember have taken on a new garb. The Sleeping Beauty is not so beautifully told as of yore—which gives the reader a veritable sense of bereavement. Many of the stories, however, retain their old time flavor, and for these, for the introduction by John Ruskin and for the excellent illustrations and mechanical perfection of the book we are truly grateful. ("Grimm's Fairy Tales." Adams & Charles Black. Macmillan Co.)

"Mother Goose's Rhymes"

Another book which will go down the years for centuries to come is "Mother Goose's Rhymes," and to the Baker-Taylor Company we are indebted for a new issue, edited especially for American children by Clifton Johnson. To quote the publishers, "A considerable amount of available material has been omitted, including the ungrammatical, the coarse and rough-

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mannered." It is an edition full of the best of the old nursery tales, however, with a quantity of quaint illustrations, decorations and wee vignettes that will prove a treat to the child heart. In fact, it has a great appeal to the "children of a larger growth," who do not find it easy to forget the care-free days brought back by a perusal of this time-old favorite. An unexcelled gift for the little tots. ("Mother Goose Rhymes." Edited by Clifton Johnson. Baker & Taylor Co.)

"The Family Beautiful"

Mrs. Janet S. Kroeck, in her active service as a member of the Parent-Teachers' Association of Los Angeles and as one of the accredited speakers appearing before the various circles of the city has been inspired with a fervent desire to enlarge and make more permanent her field of activity along these lines. In a dainty little booklet, appropriately titled "The Family Beautiful," which is just from the press, she has spoken earnestly of the ideals of the organization she so ably represents, and has added the dignity of authorship to her other accomplishments. The book is in four parts, dealing in chaste and simple language with the "Idealization of Motherhood," the larger meaning of fatherhood, and the tactful, intelligent development of childhood. In closing, a charming story sounds a note of optimism and cheer to all the world. Although this modest message is the first to which Mrs. Kroeck has ventured to give lasting form, it is worthy of applause, and deals with a great subject. In all probability this is but the forerunner of more ambitious and finished work from a technical viewpoint, combining art with beauty of conception in a larger, longer flight. ("The Family Beautiful." By Mrs. Janet S. Kroeck. Segnogram Press.)

"Is There Anything New?"

In ever-widening circles Edwin Bjorkman has elucidated his philosophy of life and growth in "Is There Anything New Under the Sun?" Unlike the Preacher of Palestine, Mr. Bjorkman is convinced that there is newness; but after following his spiral flights, according to the views of the best modern thinkers, what he regards as such appears but a new manifestation of an old form and order. Progression is the keynote of his message, which is expressed in evolution; and optimism shines throughout. The instincts moving to action and progress he classes as the "will to be" and the "will to love," which make for individual and racial preservation, and the "will to do" and the "will to love," which spell the perfective impulses. The exemplification of these dominant motives is the most interesting portion of the discussion, and the sum of them he des-

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ignates the "Life Urge," after Henri Bergson. And life's highroad to perfection is shown to lead invariably from "automatic unconsciousness through unreasoning consciousness to rational consciousness," first of the individual, then of the race.

Unlike many philosophers, Bjorkman divides human consciousness into the sensuous plane, the emotional and the intellectual, not recognizing a difference in intellectuality and spirituality. Perhaps this is due to his view of the activities of the average man's life at various periods of his history. These he places under four subdivisions, ending respectively at twenty, forty-five, sixty-five and death, and representing action and sensation, social relationships arising out of love and emotion, the choice of growth or degeneration and intellectual activity—and retrospection and dissolution. The autumnal season, which according to Osler begins at fifty or thereabout, Bjorkman beautifully characterizes as the opportunity to take "the one little step that we personally are able to add unto all those taken by the vast multitudes that have preceded us. . . . The afternoon of life becomes the real growing time—the time for the spending of which we have been brought into this world."

Throughout the exposition the influence of William James, Henri Bergson and Bernard Shaw are strongly visible; and in the second part of the book Bjorkman pays glowing tribute to these sources of inspiration. While there is much admiration evinced in two able chapters, for the philosophical disposition of John Galsworthy, and of Hjal-

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

Music

By W. Francis Gates

For an audience of school teachers, two concertos on the same program is rather a heavy menu. This would be roast beef for an audience of musicians. For such were the opening numbers at the Kubelik recital at the Auditorium Thursday afternoon, before the School Teachers' Association—the Mendelssohn and the Paganini D major concertos. But these two were the concertos from the entire violin repertoire best suited to a non-musical audience, for "school marm's" do not have time or inclination to know much about music. The Mendelssohn is the popular concerto among the classics, for "it is classic in form and popular in themes," as our professors of theory used to say; and true it is, for the melodies are almost Italian in their suave flow, while the treatment of the themes is according to the accepted lines of the classic concerto, having a good deal of the German depth and breadth. On the other hand, the Paganini concerto is purely a bravura work, one whose intent is to astonish by its technical difficulties. It need not be said that Kubelik rose superior to all the many difficulties in these concertos or that he aroused his audience to clamors of applause. Kubelik combines to an extreme degree the wizardry of Paganini himself and the breadth of thought that characterizes the German school, headed formerly by Joachim. Consequently, he reaches into the recesses of the deepest mind and ruffles the shallows of the brain excited only by the gymnastics of music. The final group of numbers was delightfully balanced and contrasted—the "Serenade Melancholique," by Tchaikowsky; the popular "Humoresque," of Dvorak, rather rapidly played, and a rarely given "Ronde des Lutins," by Bazzini. No time was lost in answer to the encore fiend and the result was a program of delightful length—leaving a healthy appetite for more. This is a craving which can be satisfied next week, for Kubelik plays his programs for the general public January 8 and 10 at the same place.

Just now, managers and concert givers are, through wisdom gained by experience, permitting the holiday spirit to have full swing. The sentiment of "give and take" is predominant at this time and so concertos for the two weeks preceding Christmas are few, with the Welsh male choir at the Auditorium in the Philharmonic course, December 29, the only remaining musical attraction this year. After January 1 music comes to life again. Kubelik is announced for January 8, at the Auditorium. The third symphony program, not to be postponed, is to be given at the same place, and it is likely that Kubelik again will be heard two days after his first recital. Nor is opera lacking to open the year. Henry Savage's English opera company will sing "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Majestic theater six times, beginning Wednesday, January 3. So much has been heard of this opera that the company, doubtless, will sing to capacity houses, as the remembrance of the good work of the previous visit of the Savage company remains fresh in the minds of music lovers. With the succeeding week comes the French opera company a month ahead of its original announcement.

It is unfortunate that there should be such a congestion of musical affairs as occurs at times, but this is the case, year after year. Attractions are routed here from both East and North, the personnel of the several companies doubtless glad to spend a few days away from the rigors of the East and the rains of the North. But the local managers are the ones who suffer. If the public gets too much, it can "stop away," as the Briton remarks. Five big musical events in a week. The average music lover takes his choice and "cuts out" about two of them. The Eastern managers of the other three wonder "what is the matter with Los Angeles." Then they give us a rest

for perhaps three week and then send in a half-dozen more good attractions in a bunch—with more disappointment in their wake. It would be advisable for these managers to "get together," as the owners of the circuses do, to see that the territory is not overworked. They should arrange to distribute their artists along through the season. One a week for the six months of the season would exhaust the supply now sent to Los Angeles and leave everyone, critics included, in a better frame of mind.

At the next symphony concert, Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony will be the main work. The program will be an unusually interesting one, for, in addition to this rarely heard composition, there is the Smetana "Bartered Bride" overture, Richard Strauss' serenade for wind instruments and Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Phaeton." Occasionally, there are numbers that one feels he could be happy without; but in this list every one is a gem. Then there will be the added pleasure of hearing the able concertmaster of the orchestra, Arnold Krauss, play the Brahms' violin concerto, which will be one of the heaviest of all the solo numbers of the season's series. The coming of so much opera is likely to work a hardship on this concert, unless the public makes a special effort to show by attendance that its sympathies are with the local musicians. Manager Behymer is leaving no stone unturned to create a larger interest in this orchestra, as it is his pet organization. He realizes that the foreign artist comes to Los Angeles only to take away from it as much money as he can, and cares nothing in particular for the musical growth of the city. The symphony orchestra is a local project, directed by a man who has been in the front of local musical enterprises for perhaps twenty years. Mr. Behymer has carried the orchestra over dark days by his persistence, for, say what you may, it comes down to the point of management, any such project as this. Art is all right, but when art comes before the public, it must be well managed and well advertised art; and with a less enthusiastic and less capable business manager, Los Angeles might have gone unsymphonized years ago. It is much easier to give money—if one has a plethora—than to give days and nights of time, when time means "the meal ticket," to use a Behymerian phrase.

Concerning Harry Lott—excuse us, Clifford Lott, now it seems—Musical America has the following well deserved words to say. Mr. Lott tarried in New York for a recital or two prior to his journey to Europe. Mr. Lott's recital was given at the Belasco theater, December 11. Says Mr. Freund's paper: "Clifford Lott, an American baritone, will have his wife as his accompanist. Mr. Lott has not sung a great deal in this country, but has appeared extensively in Berlin. The reports of his concerts in Germany credit him with a baritone of wide compass, admirably even throughout its range, and much ability as an interpreter. His few appearances in this country have won him equally enthusiastic commendations. In his program, in addition to the well-known songs by which every singer is measured, he will present several novelties which have, as yet, not appeared on programs in this country."

Those lovers of chamber music who attended the last concert of the Brahms quintet heard one of the best programs that organization has given. The audience last Friday at Blanchard hall heard a program that was practically selected by the audience of the previous week, including Grieg's beautiful quartet for strings and Sinding's piano quintet, opus five. Both compositions abound in difficulties, but the preponderance of them is in the Sinding work, the first movement of which clearly shows the influence of Wagner. This movement is followed by an in-

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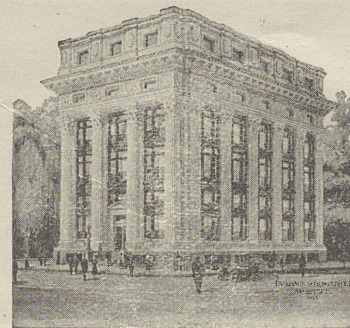
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teresting scherzo, a romantic andante and, lastly, by a tempestuous whirlwind of Scandinavian harmonies. The two works were played with much temperamental feeling by the participants. There also were played two string transcriptions. Ramona Rollins Wylie, soprano, sang two numbers with piano and strings accompaniment most effectively.

Last week there was a reunion of the four musicians who founded the Gamut Club, which was made possible by the presence in Los Angeles of Harry Barnhart of New York. This club was founded in 1904 as a music teachers' club, but of late years has lost its original individuality and become a general Bohemian organization. When it was decided to start such an affair, Mr. Barnhart was the host of the first dinner and Mr. Gates sent out the invitations to about thirty musicians, twenty-two of whom responded. The other organizers were Frank Colby, at whose house the preliminary meeting was held, and Charles F. Edson. The club now numbers about three hundred in membership and has a reputation, not confined to Los Angeles, for its broad feeling of good fellowship and its stand for art.

Edwin House is proving one of the most popular baritones in California. He is soloist at St. Vibiana's cathedral. Last Saturday night he gave a recital at Tulare, for the Lorelei Club; Monday he sang at a mass meeting at the Auditorium, and Tuesday for the teachers' convention.

Julius Seyler, pianist; Oscar Werner, violinist, and Richard Roberts, bass, gave a recital at the Ebell Club house last Monday night, in which this gifted trio appeared to the best advantage. The program was an unusually well selected one.

Jessie Weimar will direct Cowen's cantata, "Christmas Scenes," at the Ebell Club house, December 21. This is written for women's voices and will be sung by the Philathea Club, with a number of added soloists.

The Organists' Guild is spurring its membership to more recitals on that

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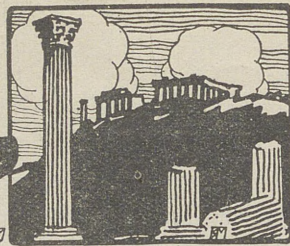
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instrument which the public hears the least. Organist John Bettin has resumed his Sunday afternoon recitals at St. James church, South Pasadena, and is playing semi-popular programs. Mrs. Georgia Bullock is one of his recent soloists.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

As a general rule the holiday season is not a fruitful one for the art reviewer. Painters are busy in their own studios with interested art lovers, who realize that the best gift that can be made at Christmas time is a well-chosen work of art, which is not only desirable as a lasting pleasure to the recipient, but also possesses a permanent value. Few changes have been made within the week in the collections now on public view in the downtown galleries, for the management realizes that it must indeed be a novel spectacle in the field of art that can hope to turn the public mind from the attractive shops. One wily art dealer seems to have solved the problem by putting forth a notable collection of late work by Birge Harrison, but even this worthy and highly important showing is not drawing proper patronage.

At the Blanchard Gallery is still to be seen the collection of French and English etchings and engravings reviewed in these columns last week and which remains unchanged, with the exception of a few additional prints that have been added to fill vacant places where sales have been made. The collection of Fanny E. Duvall will remain at the Steckel Gallery for another week and will then be replaced by a showing of late work by Conway Griffith of Laguna Beach. Rare engravings and etchings are on view at the Old Book Shop on Hill street near Fifth. A jaunt through Chinatown yields to the lover of the unusual many attractive "finds" in the way of old prints, Chinese paintings on fibre and silk and hand carved jade (low form) and cherry wood. At the Crafts Shop of Miss Mabel Kraft and Miss Emma Free is found a choice collection of hand wrought jewelry, hammered and etched brass and copper, and unique designs in modeled pottery. Many will leave with regret that Los Angeles is soon to lose these two popular crafts-women. They have bought a ranch home at Monte Vista and there among the hills and live oaks will woo the goddess of art. At the Artemesia Bindery, just across the way from the Crafts Shop, where Idah Meachem Streibridge draws the best of the world of art and literature can offer to her door, the usual holiday throng is missing, but in the spacious drawing rooms at the Hotel Mt. Washington a representative exhibition of art book binding, crafts work and hand illumined volumes by this talented woman is attracting many visitors. About fifty of the Stowbridge collection of paintings are also on view at this same place.

At the Daniell Gallery in the Copp Building, which has been greatly enlarged the last week, is to be found a collection of Eastern and California studies in oil by Ben Foster. "Laguna Hills" is perhaps the general favorite of the collection, and while it is a well composed study of brown hills and cloud-filled sky, boldly painted and excellent in character, it cannot compare with Mr. Foster's "Springtime in New England." In this canvas we see Mr. Foster at his best. He knows his New England landscape and strikes a sounding note of truth in its interpretation. This canvas possesses tone values and color manipulation which I fear will be missed by the average person. The slope of the distant hill is a marvel in dexterous handling. "New England Autumn" is a small study, rather lifeless in color, and "Hills Near Laguna" is a faithful rendering of native landscape. "Sketch, Laguna" is finely painted and "In Pine Woods" carries us back to the Berkshire Hills.

Frank Coburn, who has recently moved his studio from the Walker building to the art floor of the Copp building, is showing an interesting collection of landscapes and nudes in oil colors, which I shall note at length next week. Just down the hallway,

Martin J. Jackson is at home to his many friends in an attractive studio, where are to be seen many of this artist's latest works. Mr. Jackson has not made a gallery showing for several seasons, but has been giving his entire time to out-of-door sketching and his new canvases reveal a marked improvement over former work. "Mustard Hill" is fine in color, and "Portuguese Bend" is a study of reflections. "Misty Day" is a decorative study, full of good quality and a composition made in Eastlake park proves a successful picture. Many arroyo studies and seascapes made at Santa Monica, Balboa and San Pedro will be worked into exhibition pictures later on. Elysian park and Laurel canyon have furnished the motif for many of Mr. Jackson's most pleasing renderings. Several Colorado sunsets and New York state snow and autumn scenes add interest to the well arranged display.

Elizabeth Borglum held a studio exhibition of her late work in landscapes at her Blanchard Hall atelier Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. Many meritorious canvases were noted, which I shall mention at length in next week's art review.

At the regular meeting of the California Art Club, held last week at the studio of Franz A. Bischoff in South Pasadena, it was resolved, after a lengthy discussion, to confine future activities of the club solely to the purpose of advancing the standard of art in Southern California. In order to do this, its funds hereafter will be devoted to exhibitions exclusively, and many attractive social features will be eliminated. A new club is being formed to embrace certain features which the California Art Club cannot burden itself with. A social hall for study and recreation will be a feature and the art classes, until recently, conducted by Charles A. Austin, will be taken over by this new organization. A club room has been secured at No. 109 Temple block.

"The Sketch Club" is the name chosen for this new association, which will maintain an evening life class, and a Saturday afternoon portrait class, open to students as well as members. Among other of the club's features will be the monthly meetings where members will gather to talk "shop," to their hearts' content, and listen to matters both pleasing and instructive. There always will be something new on the walls, in a pictorial way, and the contact thus gained with what is going on in art in Los Angeles, will be of immeasurable benefit to all attending. The officers of the new club are F. A. Bischoff, president; R. B. Manbert, vice president, and Charles P. Austin, secretary-treasurer; with R. B. Manbert, Jack W. Smith and James F. Rudy, executive committee. At the next meeting, December 30, the past year will be reviewed, artistically, and plans made for the one that is to come.

Mary E. Curran, whose annual output of new designs for Christmas cards can always be depended upon to be both beautiful and thoroughly artistic, as well as original, is printing no less than seven new designs this year. One of the cards is published for the Out-Door and In-Door Club and the gymnasium girls of the Y. W. C. A., to be sold exclusively to them, the proceeds to be used to pave the tennis court. Miss Curran's designs are simple and appropriate, printed in two or three colors laid on flat.

Cabling from London to the American Art News, Frank Rutter announces an exclusive discovery which, when made officially, cannot fail to produce a sensation. It is to the effect that Raphael's original painting of the "Madonna of the Veil," so long a "star" picture of the Louvre, is really the possession of a London collector. The London picture has been seen by an eminent French painter and author-

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ity on old masters, who declares it to bear proof of authenticity. It will be recalled that the majority of modern critics long ago agreed that the Louvre picture was not the work of Raphael, to whom it is still officially attributed, but of Giulio Romano. The London picture is rather larger than the Louvre version and the background is slightly different and much more characteristic of Raphael. The present owner has expressed his intention of leaving his collection to the nation, and therefore wishes to keep his great treasure a secret to all but his intimate personal friends.

An extensive exhibition of work by the students of the art departments of the various high schools of Southern California was held at Polytechnic high school on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Notice later.

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Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke

Formal announcement is made of the betrothal of Miss Ada B. Seeley, daughter of Mrs. Leah J. Seeley of 1515 South Figueroa street, to Mr. Roy D. Bayly, son of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Bayly of 668 West Twenty-eighth street. News of the engagement was told only recently at the wedding of Miss Florence Thompson and Mr. George Vedder of Pasadena, at which ceremony Miss Seeley was a bridesmaid. The young bride-elect is one of the most popular members of the local younger set. No date has been set as yet for the wedding, which will be one of the society events of this season.

Extreme simplicity marked the wedding of Miss Ella Margaret Cates and Mr. Charles Samuel Brown, which took place Wednesday evening, at St. Paul's pro-cathedral. The bride, who is the daughter of the late Dr. Horace G. Cates, was given away by her mother. She was attired in a handsome tailor suit with hat to match. Immediately following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Brown left for a short wedding trip and upon their return they will make their home in this city. The bride is a graduate of the Girls' Collegiate School, and has many friends here. Mr. Brown is well known in local banking circles, being connected with the German-American Savings Bank.

Miss Angelita Phillips was hostess at an attractively-appointed luncheon party given at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips of Harvard boulevard, Tuesday afternoon, the guest of honor being Miss Elizabeth Bishop of the Hershey Arms. The table was decorated as a Christmas garden, the centerpiece being a tree arranged with tinsel and trappings. Place cards also were suggestive of the season. Throughout the house poinsettias and foliage were artistically combined in the decoration and the dining room was illuminated with red candles with crimson silk shades. Guests included Misses Elizabeth Bishop, Clara Vickers, Helen Hanna, Florence Clark, Cora Ives, Susan Wilshire Carpenter, Evangeline Duque, Ruth Kays, Mary Lindley, Emma Conroy and Mrs. Martin Haenke.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Baker announce the approaching marriage of their daughter, Miss Earlda Baker, to Mr. Walter Wallace, which will take place Tuesday evening, January 9, at the Friday Morning Club house. Miss Margery Baker will assist her sister as maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Misses Ruth Rivers and Lois Baker. Mr. Allan Morphy will serve Mr. Wallace as best man. It will be a pink wedding and will be of widespread interest, as both the bride-elect and her betrothed are popular members of the younger set.

Among the interesting events of the season was the marriage Monday evening of Miss Enid Behymer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behymer of 623 Carondelet street, to Dr. Roy Malcolm. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. A. Knighten, a life-long friend of the family. The service was read in the drawing room, which was artistically decorated with a pretty profusion of white blossoms, smilax and ferns. In the hall, dining room and library bright hued autumn leaves, pink roses and ferns and smilax formed the decoration. The bride was attired in a gown of white crepe meteor, veiled in net and lace. Her tulle veil was held by a coronet of lilies of the valley and her bridal bouquet was a shower of roses. Miss Elsie Behymer, sister of the bride, assisted as maid of honor. Her gown was an elaborately embroidered one of pink chiffon and she carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Jack Malcolm served as best man. A musical program was rendered by Estelle Heartt Dreyfus, contralto, and Myrtle Ouellet, harpist. One hundred guests were present at the reading of the service and more than that number of additional friends attended the reception which followed the ceremony. Among those who assisted in receiving were the following members of the Entre Nous sorority of the University of Southern California: Misses Pauline Lund, Alice Scott, Edna Bovard, Ruth

Fisher, Ruth Sidey, Maud Spreicher, Bertha Hollister, Albra Starey, May Guice, Agatha Grant, Edith Witherell, Edna Bovard, Irene Powell and Edna Powell. Both Dr. Malcolm and his bride are of prominent families and have many friends here. They will pass their honeymoon in the northern part of the state and after January 1 will be at home at 623 Carondelet street.

Mrs. Charles E. Taylor of 1519 Manhattan place announces the approaching marriage of her granddaughter, Miss Julia M. Woods, to Mr. Harry S. Bell, which will take place at St. Vincent's church, Thursday morning, January 4. Miss Woods will have Miss Marguerite Bell as her maid of honor and Mr. George Curtin will assist as best man. Rev. Father Joseph Glass will officiate. Following the service at the church, a wedding breakfast will be served at the home of Mrs. Taylor, and Mr. Bell and his bride will leave for an extended trip to the North. They will be at home at 1519 Manhattan place upon their return.

Mrs. E. J. Stanton of Grattan street gave a prettily appointed dancing party at her home Wednesday evening, the affair being in compliment to her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy Hamilton Stanton, who have just returned from their honeymoon trip. The home was artistically decorated in red and green. In the supper rooms Christmas berries and ferns were arranged, while up stairs, in the ball room, poinsettias were combined with smilax. Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Stanton entertained with a large card party in honor of her daughter-in-law. Receiving with the hostess were Mrs. Malone Joyce, Mrs. Charles H. von Breton, Miss Alice Stanton and Mrs. L. B. Stanton. Decorations for the second affair also were appropriate to the holiday season.

Lord and Lady Tweedmouth of London, England, arrived at Coronado, accompanied by Mr. E. Gower. The gentlemen will play on the English polo team at Coronado this season. They passed last winter there and were much pleased with the resort.

Mrs. Robert J. Burdette of 891 South Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena, was hostess at a Christmas musical, the affair being given at her home Wednesday afternoon. About two hundred invitations were issued for the event, the guests including friends from Los Angeles as well as Pasadena. The decorations were appropriate to the occasion and the program in keeping with the holiday season.

In honor of Miss Grace Mellus and Lieutenant-Commander Samuel Brown Thomas, announcement of whose betrothal was made last week, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy entertained last Saturday evening with a dinner party at the Los Angeles Country Club. It was at the McCarthy summer home at Redondo Beach at the time of the visit to that bay of the fleet, that Miss Mellus and Lieutenant Thomas met.

Formal announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. John W. Watson of Hobart boulevard of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Anne Bentley, to Mr. Earl Everett Chapman, the ceremony having taken place at Christ Episcopal church Tuesday at high noon. Rev. Baker P. Lee officiated, and the service was witnessed only by relatives and a few of the most intimate friends of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman will pass their honeymoon in San Francisco and upon their return will make their home on Van Ness avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning of West Adams street will entertain with a Christmas house party at their country home at Wilmington. About thirty guests will enjoy the occasion, including members of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden W. Skinner, who have been making an extensive tour of the world, are expected to return to Los Angeles Saturday, December 30. They will be domiciled at the Hershey Arms.

Mrs. D. M. Riordan of South Burlington avenue will entertain with a dancing party at her home Christmas night, the affair being planned for her



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daughter, Miss Elizabeth Riordan, who will leave soon after Christmas for Fort George Rice, where she will be the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Captain and Mrs. S. M. Palmer, for two months.

Miss Elizabeth Helm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Helm of Ellendale place, has gone East for an extended trip. She will visit in Birmingham, Boston and Brooklyn, thence to Washington, D. C., where she will assist as bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Culp, who was her house guest for several weeks last year.

Miss Clara Scott will be hostess at a bridge matinee, which she will give January 6 in compliment to Mrs. E. C. Bower, Jr., formerly Miss Zola Hanawalt, and Mrs. Francis Kanne, who was Miss Anne Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alfred Barker of West Adams street, who will entertain with a reception at the Los An-

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geles Country Club, Saturday afternoon, December 30, will be host and hostess at a second affair, Wednesday evening, January 10, the latter being a dance for members of the younger set.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Doran of 1194 West Twenty-seventh street will give a Christmas dinner party at their home Monday evening, December 25. Guests will include Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Will Innes, Miss Elizabeth Doran, Miss Kathryn Doran and Miss Addie Doran.

Mrs. C. C. Raymond of Hobart boulevard is entertaining her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Seibert of Indianapolis, who will pass the winter here. Mrs. Raymond will give a bridge party in honor of her mother, soon after the holidays.

Captain and Mrs. Bertrand Rockwell of Kansas City, Missouri, are visiting in Los Angeles as guests of the former's sisters, Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee and Mrs. Henry Albers.

Mrs. William H. Callander and Mrs. M. E. Bates of 1175 West Twenty-ninth street will give a luncheon at the Annandale Country Club house Monday afternoon, January 1, following the tournament of roses parade. Places at the table will be arranged for twenty-two guests.

Among the local folk who are planning trips abroad in the near future is Mrs. Alexander Campbell of South Grand avenue. Mrs. Campbell will meet her sister, Mrs. William M. Woods of Cincinnati, in New York and together they will take the Mediterranean trip, returning by way of England, where Mrs. Campbell will visit in London for a few weeks with her nieces.

Miss Helen Doolittle of 630 Gramercy place entertained with an informal bridge party Thursday afternoon. The affair was daintily appointed, and places at the table were set for thirty guests.

Miss Viola C. Smith and Mr. I. W. Frisbee, whose engagement was announced last week, were guests of honor at a card party given recently by Miss Dora Dale Rogers at her home, 218 West Adams street. Tables were arranged for sixteen players.

Announcement is made of the betrothal of Miss Keturah Paul, daughter of Mrs. Mary K. Paul of 242 South Palm avenue, Hollywood, to Mr. John Severin Schroeder of Morenci, Arizona. Miss Paul is a graduate of the Los Angeles high school and the University of Southern California. Mr. Schroeder is a graduate of the Missouri School of Mines, Columbia. The wedding will take place New Year's eve in Tucson, Arizona, after which Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder will make their home in Morenci, where the former is in the employ of a prominent firm.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Grace of Las Vegas, Nevada, are house guests for the holidays of Mrs. Grace's mother, Mrs. Lulu G. Porter of 2362 West Washington street. Mrs. Grace will be remembered as Miss Marian Porter, and a wide circle of friends will enjoy her visit here.

Mrs. Philip Forve of 427 Westlake avenue will entertain with a Christmas luncheon and bridge party Wednesday afternoon, December 27. She will give a second luncheon Tuesday afternoon, January 2.

Mrs. Philip Colby of 1331 Ingraham street will give a "joke" Christmas tree party Wednesday afternoon, December 27, her guests including members of the Dozen Club and a few friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Heffelfinger of 2318 West Eighth street chaperoned a merry house party at Alamitos for last week-end. Among those who enjoyed the event were Miss Bernice Marcher, Miss Mayme Cliff, Mr. Nott Crowe and Mr. Walter Bonyne, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison G. McDonald, the latter formerly Miss Marguerite Seymour, have returned from their wedding trip and are living at Ocean Park for a few months.

In honor of Miss Grace Shepstead of Texas, who is the house guest of Miss Willy McClelland of South Burlington avenue, Miss Sammie Perry Harris of 745 Union avenue entertained Tuesday afternoon with a bridge party.

In honor of Miss Lucille Wall of San Gabriel, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Montague are planning to give a New Year's eve house party at their beautiful home in Alhambra. About twenty-five guests will be invited for the occasion. Immediately following the holidays, Miss Wall will leave for San

Francisco, later going to Cananea, Mexico, for a visit of several months with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kingsley Macomber of Delano are guests at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake of South Hoover street until after the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Gager Peck of 1601 Orange street entertained at dinner recently, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crombie of Paris, France.

In honor of Mrs. Wizeorek, wife of the famous Hungarian artist, Miss Augusta Lamb entertained informally Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Voorhees have returned from a two months' stay in the East, where Dr. Voorhees has been taking a postgraduate course in Chicago and New York.

Mrs. E. A. Featherstone of West Twenty-seventh street has returned from a two months' visit in the East.

Miss Jean Hooper of Denver, who has been visiting here as the house guest of her aunt, Mrs. Thomas McKee of 1683 West Twenty-fourth street, has left for her home, via San Francisco.

Mrs. Robert W. Kenny and Mrs. Wylie J. Rouse, who were hostesses recently at a large bridge luncheon, will be at home informally at the residence of the former, 1978 West Washington street, Wednesday, December 27.

Mr. and Mrs. George MacKnight of 1652 Gramercy place will entertain Christmas day with a dinner part of twelve covers.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Franklin Potter of Kenwood avenue will entertain this evening with a bridge party at the Ebell Club house.

Mrs. J. H. Attig and Mrs. Hattie May gave a large tea Tuesday afternoon at 166 Oxford avenue, the affair being planned in honor of Mrs. May's daughter, Miss Ethel May, who will marry Mr. Clemens Willis Stose, December 27. The decorations were in a color scheme of pink and green, baskets of carnations and festoons of asparagus plumosus ferns being used in the arrangement. Assisting the hostesses were Mrs. W. C. Stose, Miss Alice Nicholas, Miss Jane Williams, Miss Wilkie Gilholm, Miss Annette Stose and Miss Mabel Waldo.

Mrs. Richard D. Bronson and Miss Gretchen Day gave a prettily appointed bridge and luncheon party at their home, 12 St. James Park, Tuesday afternoon. Forty guests were seated at the small tables and decorations were in Christmas colors and effects. A second affair of similar nature was given by the hostesses Wednesday afternoon and the third of the planned series of entertainments will be given early in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio S. Bright, accompanied by their beautiful daughter, Miss Augusta Bright, are at Hotel del Coronado for the winter. Mr. Bright is one of the leading business men of Louisville, Kentucky.

Miss Vere Radier-Norton of 335 West Twenty-seventh street was hostess Saturday at a luncheon party, the affair being given in compliment to Miss Irma Rea Wooster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Wooster of 1372 South Flower street, who will marry Mr. Walter Wadsworth Zittel of Buffalo, New York, early in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hastings Rindge of 450 Kingsley drive will give a family dinner party at their home Christmas day, when places will be arranged for ten guests.

Mrs. Charles J. Ellis and her daughter, Miss Kathryn Ellis of 2320 Scarff street have returned from Europe. In their absence they enjoyed travel on the continent and visited with relatives in England. Miss Bessie Ellis, who accompanied her mother and sister abroad, will pass the winter in Rome with cousins.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight Rindge of 355 Kingsley drive will give a matinee party at the Orpheum Wednesday, December 27, followed by a tea at the Alexandria. The guest of honor will be Miss Earlda Baker, whose marriage to Mr. Walter Wallace will take place at the Ebell Club house Tuesday evening, January 9.

Mrs. William Barker of Portland, Oregon, has been the house guest of Mrs. Bernard Potter of 837 Kingsley drive for several days, and Friday afternoon of last week an informal reception was given for the visitor. Decorations were

"CORINA"

CIGARS

---A perfect

after-dinner

smoke.



JEVNE'S

"Where Prices Are Lowest for Safe Quality"

Wines and Liquers For the Christmas and New Year Dinner

For adding sentiment and zest to the holiday festivities, nothing can surpass the superlative wines and liquers from the Jevne cellars.

We handle only such California and imported wines and liquers as we can conscientiously and unreservedly recommend. They are purchased largely for home use, and are selected for their extreme purity, bouquet and food values.

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Order all of your holiday table needs from Jevne's

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"The Exclusive Specialty House"

At 445 So.

ANNOUNCE

for beginning Tuesday, December 26

THEIR

Annual Sale of Underwear Women's Lingerie

appropriate to the Christmas season, poinsettias being extensively used in the arrangement. Mrs. Potter was assisted by Mrs. William Bosbyshell and Miss June Whitemore.

Miss Mae Bedloe Armstrong, a bride of the near future, will be the guest of honor Wednesday afternoon, December 27, at a boudoir shower which Mrs. Arthur Julius Hill of the Dorchester apartments will give.

Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Murietta of Arizona have been guests for a few days at the Alexandria, stopping over en route to San Francisco, where they will pass the holidays with Mrs. Murietta's parents.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Marie Antoinette Cajal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Cajal of Alhambra, to Mr. Ira Richard Overell, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Overell of 431 Mariposa street, the ceremony having taken place Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents. After a short trip to San Francisco, Mr. Overell and his bride will

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Removal Sale

Weaver Jackson Co.

In order to close out our entire stock of fine imported hair ornaments, high class handbags, and Parisian novelties before occupying our new location, 429 South Broadway, we offer our entire stock of this exclusive merchandise at 15 to 35 per cent reduction. We make this sacrifice in order that we may not have to carry any of this stock to our new store. Take advantage of the unusual conditions to purchase exclusive gift articles at an important saving.

Weaver Jackson Company

Largest hair store and
toilet parlor in the West

443 South Broadway

Newcomb's Corset Shop

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Musical comedy is not so frequent a visitor to Los Angeles as it was five years ago. The thing was overdone. Managers and stage directors ran out of ideas. Later, the tendency has been toward light opera. But in "The Red Rose," which is at the Mason this week, there is a return to the "girls of yester year." Not much was known of it prior to its local debut, save that a prominent part in the cast was taken by Zoe Barnett, a former Los Angeles choir singer. About six years ago "The Californians" company was organized here to give light opera with Messrs. Karl, Dewey, Temple, Jepson and others prominent in the venture. Miss Barnett was taken from the chorus ranks of that company to fill small parts. She was good looking and proved acceptable. A few months later, when the company went the way of a few thousand of its predecessors, Miss Barnett found an engagement in San Francisco and since that time has been making steady progress to her present position. In "The Red Rose," she has the role of an artist's model whose hand is contended for by an American student in the Paris studio and by a French hanger-on of her supposed father. She has developed wonderfully in those graces which are necessities for a musical comedienne. Good looks, savoir faire, enunciation, and, in addition, an appreciation of humor are noticeable. Her voice might have developed apace, had she given it proper attention, for she has an excellent contralto, but her method of using it precludes that it will always remain a vaudeville voice. It would be worth her while to devote a year to nothing but the right kind of vocal instruction, in which correct vocal foundation should be her careful study. "The Red Rose" is a gradual crescendo of interest. It opens rather tamely in a studio, with a chorus of thirty students. Each succeeding act grows better and is more amply staged, until the close, which is a tangle of kaleidoscopic beauty. There is a hint of a plot, at least one was suspected by several of the audience—but who objects to the lack of coherent development in a musical comedy? It is full of clever dancing and pretty stage pictures, aided by beautiful scenic devices. As to singing, the chorus has the bulk of that, the authors evidently realizing that it would be sent on the road with people who are not to be held to account for their singing qualities. Perhaps the audience is thankful that it is not compelled to listen to pretended music in solo lines. Marguerite De Von shares the honors with Miss Barnett. The remainder of the cast is about equal in ability and is commensurate with the demands. The piece is for the eye rather than for the ear and pleases the one without greatly offending the other.

"Blue Mouse," at the Burbank

At the Burbank theater this week Clyde Fitch's three-act farcical comedy, "The Blue Mouse," holds mirthful sway and elicits spontaneous and unstinted laughter, in spite of the immoral tendency of the play, which deals with the efforts of a young railroad man to gain a coveted district superintendency. To this end he seeks to influence his superior officer through the latter's flirtatious tendencies, and engages a notorious character, known to Broadway as the Blue Mouse, to pose as his wife and win the susceptible railroad official over. The complications resulting from the impersonation furnish the alleged comedy theme and from beginning to end the play is permeated with situations that are laughter-provoking, the uglier features apparently being entirely overlooked by the audiences. The Burbank company, with one exception, well assigned as to roles, contributes to the success of the production. Florence Stone makes an alluring Blue Mouse and affords adequate interpretation. Forrest Stanley's August Rollett is all that could be asked. He lends the part a serious turn that adds materially to the comedy. It is a capital bit of character drawing that Willis Marks gives as George Wallus, father of Mrs. Rol-

lett. Than his escape from Paulette Devine's apartment under the tiger skin covering, no funnier scene is featured. James Corrigan is a thoroughly satisfactory Joseph Llewellyn, president of the New York Inter-county railroad. Philip Scarsdale, a young playwright, is capably delineated by Charles Giblyn, as also is Purkins, the auctioneer, by Henry Stockbridge. Lillian Elliott's Mrs. Llewellyn contributes a share to the fun-making, as does Florence Oberle's Lizzie, Paulette's chaperone. Grace Travers is obviously miscast as Mrs. Rollett, who should be of more girlish type. Others are satisfactory.

"Earl of Pawtucket," at Majestic

Lawrence D'Orsay is a welcome visitor at the Majestic this week, where he is playing Augustus Thomas' famous comedy, "The Earl of Pawtucket." D'Orsay's solemn drolleries, his exaggerated accent, his almost childlike stare make his Lord Cardington a comedy figure that is irresistible. At first, one is inclined to feel that Mr. D'Orsay is a burlesquer, but gradually his mannerisms, his little affectations grow on one. In fact, it is hard to decide whether his portrayal is thoroughly artificial or entirely natural. Of course, it is a comedy of errors in which he is featured. He meets, through a series of romantic circumstances, Harriett Fordyce, an American girl, and follows her across the Atlantic, seeking an introduction. For diplomatic reasons—which are not made plain—he travels incognito. A friend of his, Montgomery Putnam, suggests that Cardington use his name—Putnam's—for an alias, which offer is accepted. Alas, it turns out that Harriett Fordyce is the divorced wife of Putnam. Naturally, there are complications, but Cardington's masterly, if slow, manner of handling his affairs, rescues him and wins the girl. Katharine Emmett, well remembered as leading woman at the Belasco, essays the role of Harriett, and gives a charming portrayal. A comedy bit that is unconscious is the Ella of Susanna Rusholme. Apparently, Miss Rusholme is "fair, fat and forty," and her attempt to depict a coquettish young maiden is pitiful. Leonard Ide plays Ella's lover in a theatrical way that is rather effective, and Ernest Elton is the faithful Wilkins, valet to Cardington. Elton's work is one of the best things in the performance. The staging of the play is mediocre, the equipment being tawdry and worn.

"Bat and Butterfly," at the Grand

It is an ambitious effort which the Ferris Hartman Company at the Grand is attempting this week in "The Bat and the Butterfly," which is the Anglicized version of "Die Fledermaus," a three-act comic opera by Richard Genée and Johann Strauss. That the production is a creditable one speaks well for the company, which, until recently, has limited its vocal merits to an occasional principal. This week, the players wade into music up to their eyebrows and come out with safety and no small merit. There is a real plot to the piece, much melody and occasionally a bit of comedy is blended. The story deals with the efforts of Dr. Falke to avenge himself on Eisenstein who, a few months prior, had played a practical joke on him one evening after the two had attended a masked ball, Eisenstein as a butterfly and Falke as a bat. In his retaliatory scheme, Falke has a masked ball planned at the home of Prince Orloffsky and induces Eisenstein, who has just been sentenced to five days in jail for contempt of court, to attend the festivities before going to prison. Then Dr. Falke informs Mrs. Eisenstein of the intended jollification which she attends in mask; Falke further arranges to have Alfred, the singer, in Mrs. Eisenstein's apartments when the sheriff calls for Eisenstein, and the former is arrested in the latter's stead. As Frosch, a turnkey, Ferris Hartman provides a goodly share of the comedy in the last act, which might be distributed to advantage in those preced-

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Seasonable Suggestions Have You Seen the New Cravenettes?

In serviceable Scotch Tweeds, Fine Worsteds in rich patterns, and reliable Cheviot mixtures with stripe effects.

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We've a fine lot of Gabardines, too, Raglan and plain shoulders, dandy lot of coats, at

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cut large and roomy, 54 inches long at \$6; a splendid buy for the price; other grades, \$10, \$15, \$18.

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ing. Robert Leonard as Frank, warden of the jail, aids in the fun-making, and Percy Bronson's Von Eisenstein is a debonaire and pleasing delineation. Myrtle Dingwall portrays Mrs. Von Eisenstein in delightful manner, while Lucile Palmer's interpretation of Adele, the maid, is exceedingly well done. As Prince Orloffsky, Nana Bryant, meets with approval.

"Sis Hopkins," at the Lyceum

Rose Melville evidently has contracted the "farewell tour" habit, for this is the second she has announced in the last two seasons. However, theatergoers seem to revel in her picture of "Sis Hopkins," which she is playing at the Lyceum, and which is permanently associated with her name. Even the holiday week, which is one of the worst weeks—from the boxoffice standpoint—in the theatrical season, she is drawing crowded houses to this theater. Miss Melville's famous smile, her queer, breathless voice, her "hoosier" mannerisms adorn the role in the manner to which we have grown accustomed. Her company is not remarkably good, but it is acceptable in working out the plot of this homely, bucolic drama.

Good Show at the Orpheum

Ed. F. Reynard is certainly the favorite ventriloquist of the Orpheum circuit—at least in Los Angeles, and his return to the local house this week is warmly acclaimed. His act opens with a good bit of scenic illusion. The stage is half-lighted. Far up a distant hill is seen an automobile—with tail-lights and head-lights—toiling down the steep road. It comes nearer and nearer, whizzes across the bridge, and then—very much increased in size—chugs on the stage, bearing the performer. It is a capital introduction. Mr. Reynard's sketch of bucolic life, played by dummies to whom he lends his voice with excellent effect, is well known, but loses none of its attraction. Exhibitions of club swinging are given by Lynch & Zeller, who do their work with astonishing swiftness and skill. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent the former a worthy successor of his famous father, have a nonsense sketch in which the best thing is the dancing of

Rooney. He has a number of new features which completely capture the house. Mazie King, who presents "The Legend of Spring," is a trifle too robust to lend illusion to her Wood Nymph. She is not possessed of the graceful, spritlike appearance which is indispensable to the part she seeks to assume. Her attire consists of fleshings and a drape, and, without doubt, were she to appear without the fleshings, and with a trifle more of the drapery, her appearance would be inoffensive and without the suggestion that made Monday afternoon's audience exchange sly winks. Holdovers are Tom Nawn, the Arlington Four, "The Courtiers," and Mosher, Hayes & Mosher.

Offerings for Next Week

Robert Hilliard, one of America's foremost players, will be seen at the Mason opera house Christmas week in "A Fool There Was." Mr. Hilliard has created many famous roles, but his greatest success has been in Porter Browne's play, "A Fool There Was," suggested by Rudyard Kipling's famous verses of the fool who loved "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair." It is a blending of comedy, melodrama, tragedy and symbolism. There have been not less than thirteen revivals of the play in the theaters of New York and Brooklyn, six in Philadelphia, four in Chicago, and three in many of the other big cities. As a dramatic "repeater" it has broken records. The keynote of the play is sounded in the epigram, "When destiny can't get a man any other way, it sends a woman for him—and the woman gets him." Mr. Hilliard has won many praises for his vivid portrayal of the fool who is brought to ruin by a conscienceless woman. Clergymen have recommended the play as a wonderful stage sermon on temperance and clean living. Mr. Hilliard is said to have strong support. There will be but two matinees, Christmas day and the following Saturday.

Beginning with the special matinee Christmas day, the Belasco company will offer for the first time in the entire West, James Montgomery's comedy success, "The Aviator." The piece was given in a number of the larger cities of the East last season, with Wallace

Eddinger in the role which will be played here by Robert Ober. Mr. Montgomery has taken for the hero of his play a young author who has written a novel, with an intrepid aviator for the chief character. At a resort, several months later, he is mistaken for the hero of his own book, and keeps up the deception. He is called upon to prove his bravery, and as he is no coward, he makes an ascent—in laugh-provoking circumstances. In the Belasco production Mr. Ober will make use of a biplane of the Curtis type, which has been built especially for the "Aviator" production. In addition to Mr. Ober, the Belasco assignments include Bessie Barriscale, Richard Vivian, Donald Bowles, Helene Sullivan, Roberta Arnold, Adele Farrington and other well known Belascoites, with John Burton especially engaged.

Florence Stone and the Burbank company have scored so genuine a success in "The Blue Mouse" that in order to meet the demand for seats it has been found necessary to continue the Clyde Fitch farce for another week, beginning with the usual Sunday matinee. Besides the regular matinees Thursday and Saturday there will be a special Christmas matinee performance. "The Blue Mouse" is a series of unexpected comedy situations, which arouse gales of laughter. In the part of Paulette Devienne (born Maggie O'Hooley), the Salome girl, Florence Stone has one of the best comedy roles of her career, while Forrest Stanley

production. Katie Putnam has the title role, and Margot Merriam, Neil Moran, Justine Cutting, Rebecca Kelly, Frederic Burt, George B. Leary, John Dunton and Jewell Power have supporting parts.

Children of all ages will have their annual treat of merriment at the Grand opera house when Ferris Hartman and his company will offer a spectacular revival of the perennial favorite, "The Toymaker," beginning with the matinee Sunday and including a special matinee Christmas day. Mr. Hartman has always been a favorite in the role of the quaint old German, Johanus Guggenheimer, the toymaker of Nuremberg. The staging and costuming of the comic opera will be especially elaborate, while the toy shop scene, showing the interior of Guggenheimer's doll factory, will be better than ever. Myrtle Dingwall will play Elsa, the beautiful doll, whose love for Frederic—Percy Bronson—furnishes the motif. Joseph Fogarty will be seen as Count Ballenberg, Robert Leonard will have a comedy role, Harry Pollard will be Michael, and Charles Dudley will be Brother Mathew. Frances White will be Peter, assistant to the toymaker, and Josie Hart will be the toymaker's wife. Little Paul and Josephine Hartman will be the tiny Chinese and Japanese dolls. To each child who attends a matinee, a handsome toy will be given.

Unusual acrobatic feats will be of-



CLARA NELSON, AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

has scored a hit as the private secretary, Augustus Rollette. James Corrigan, Grace Travers, Lillian Elliott, Charles Giblyn, Willis Marks and Henry Stockbridge have done much toward making it a delightful production. The Burbank company will next be seen in George Broadhurst's famous play of love and politics, "The Man of the Hour," a play which will allow fine opportunities to Forrest Stanley, Florence Stone, James Corrigan and David Hartford.

For its Christmas attraction the Majestic will offer Jules Eckert Goodman's newest play, "Mother." The engagement will open Sunday night, and a special matinee will be given Christmas day as well as Wednesday and Saturday. Mr. Goodman's latest success is the story of a typical American home—the bright side and the dark side. Mrs. Wetherell is the sort of mother who gives her whole existence to her children. One of her sons marries an actress, and to keep her in luxury, forces his mother's name to a note. Another son wants to marry a frivolous, fluff creature, but with the sad experience of her first son before her eyes, mother prevails upon her second son to give up the girl—playing upon his fiancée's cupidity to bring about this result. William A. Brady has selected a good company for the

fered by the Six Bracks, who headline the new Orpheum bill, opening Christmas matinee. In twos, three and fours, they fly about the stage, risking their necks many times. They range from a husky six-footer to a lad of seventeen. James Diamond and Clara Nelson—the latter remembered as the Gibson widow in the recent "Gibson Girl Review"—who have been starring in "Up and Down Broadway," have picked up a great deal of song, dance and pavement patter from the great white way and will present it in their act, "Something New." Hank Brown, the veteran of fun, is back with Viola Harris and J. Sullivan Brown. Miss Harris has a new wardrobe, and Hank and J. Sullivan are ready with their funstuff. Hinton & Wooton bring a new thing in bicycle football. They play a regular game with pretty Mabel Wooton as referee. Ed. F. Reynard, Mazie King & Co., Lynch & Zeller and Pat Rooney and Marion Bent remain. The orchestra will offer appropriate Christmas music.

When Rose Melville appears at the Lyceum for the second week of her engagement, in "Sis Hopkins," which opens Christmas matinee, it will be the last time this capable actress will be seen from the footlights in this city. When she completes her present sea-

Morosco-Blackwood Co., Props. MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Main Street, Near Sixth.

and Managers. BEGINNING DECEMBER 25, 1911.
The Burbank Stock Company, with Florence Stone will offer the second week of their big success,

The Blue Mouse

Special Christmas Matinee.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE Oliver Morosco, Manager
WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT. DECEMBER 24.

William A. Brady offers Jules Eckert Goodman's latest success,

MOTHER

Special Christmas Matinee.
Regular Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Morosco-Blackwood Co., Props. and Managers. BELASCO THEATER Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Every Night at

BEGINNING WITH THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS MATINEE.

The Belasco Stock Company will offer for the first time in the entire West, James Montgomery's comedy success,

THE AVIATOR

Broadway, bet. 6th & 7th. Home 10477. Main 977. ORPHEUM THEATER MATINEE AT 2:15 DAILY.

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE--BEGINNING CHRISTMAS MATINEE, DEC. 25
SIX BRACKS Ed F. REYNARD

Famous European Athletes

DIAMOND & NELSON

"Something New"

Brown, Harris & Brown

"Just to Laugh; That's All"

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ORCHESTRA SYMPHONY CONCERTS AT 2 AND 8 P. M.

Every night at 8, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, Boxes \$1

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SECOND AND LAST BIG WEEK, SPECIAL MATINEE MONDAY (CHRISTMAS DAY)
BARGAIN MATINEE WEDNESDAY, ALL SEATS TWO BITS

J. R. Stirling Presents the Artistic Comedienne,

Rose
Melville

In the Lively
Rural
Comedy

SIS
HOPKINS

"There ain't no use doin' nothin' fer nobody what don't do nothin' fer you."

Every Night, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, boxes \$1. Regular Matinees, 15c, 25c, 50c.

To follow, "The Rosary." Seats selling.

BROADWAY, BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND STS. MASON OPERA HOUSE W. T. WYATT, Manager.

CHARLES FROHMAN, KLAU & ERLANGER, Lessees.

CHRISTMAS WEEK, BEGINNING WITH A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS MATINEE.

Klaw & Erlanger present for the first time here,

ROBERT
HILLIARD

in His
Vivid
Play

A FOOL
THERE WAS

Suggested by Kipling's Poem, "The Vampire."

PRICES, 50c TO \$2. WEDNESDAY MATINEE, 25c to \$1.50.

The Home of Musical Comedy. GRAND OPERA HOUSE Phones Main 1967. Home A 1967

WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, DECEMBER 24.

Ferris Hartman and his superb company offer a magnificent revival of

The Toymaker

A Little Journey to the Land of Make Believe

Free toys will be given to every child attending the matinee.

son, Miss Melville will retire from the stage permanently, and unless her manager, J. R. Stirling, can, prior to her voluntary obscurity, secure an actress worthy of being her successor, the play will not again be used. Miss Melville has built up this queer, country girl character until it has become one of the permanent features of the American stage. It is a homely play, cleanly in story, deep in heart-interest, and with an abundance of humor. The characters are all drawn from country

folk, and the plot is wholly free from problem. Following "Sis Hopkins" will be "The Rosary."

Asides

Although but three performances were announced for Henry W. Savage's English grand opera company in Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West," owing to the large advance demand for seats, it has been decided to give an extra evening performance beginning Wednesday, January 3, at the Majestic.

THE MAHOGANY TREE

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs,
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to night,
Round the old tree.

On the Reviewer's Table

(Continued from Page Seven)

mar Soderberg, the Swedish writer, whom he calls a "lesser Anatole France of the Far North," he pays rather more attention to the literary phases of the lives of these men. As a critic he presents many interesting views with regard to Shaw, Galsworthy and Soderberg, based upon his philosophical deductions, of endless growth and ever higher ideals of perfection. "Poets and Reformers" seems a fragmentary literary meditation, expressing the vitality, worth and artistic values of what is termed by Rudolf Eucken, "the profundity of life's painfulness." Viewed in this sense, what seems morbid, and grim, and sad in art, in reality is good, and fraught with greater incentive to growth, unattended by the words of the preacher and reformer, than any amount of sermons and moralizing. In "Art, Life and Criticism" there is a recapitulation of his philosophy as applied to these three branches of human existence.

Simple and easily understood is the style, and the reasoning is logical and in orderly sequence, although in minor details it appears to state as facts premises that are yet being hotly disputed by the schoolmen. In its literary aspect, while not exhaustive in critical examination and consideration, it is even more interesting, because its more abstruse doctrines are in concrete form and popular dress. ("Is There Anything New Under the Sun?" By Edwin Bjorkman. Mitchell Kennerley.)

"Whiskeretta"

Mina Dean Halsey, whose sprightly "Tenderfoot in Southern California" will be pleasantly recalled, has issued this holiday season a booklet bearing the odd title of "Whiskeretta." The yarn is spun by Whiskeretta's partner. He recounts the wonderful flow of beard that was Ike's (his real name) pride and how it was turned to profit by means of a hair tonic bearing Ike's nickname. Incidentally, the partner as well as the customers was fleeced. The "testimonials" are a rich satire on lotions and unguents marketed primarily for money-making purposes and are in Miss Halsey's cleverest vein. "Whiskeretta" cannot by any stretch of imagination be designated literature, but if it provokes a good laugh it will have served its purpose. ("Whiskeretta" By Mina Deane Halsey. J. J. Little and Ives Co.)

"Joyce of the Jasmines"

Was Dr. Mayberry as unconscious as he announced, of the irresistible charms of his niece, "Joyce of the Jasmines?" or was he an exceedingly wily old gentleman, despite appearances to the contrary, when he extended an invitation to enjoy the hospitality of Mayberry Plantation, to Phillip Gaston Weld, the interestingly clever and

handsome young convalescent, and son of a wealthy New Yorker passing a few months in the South for the benefit of a broken heart? Ralph Henry Barbour does not state definitely; but in any case, the result is the same. A delightful romance. Granted, that "Southern girls will flirt with a hitching post," as Philip so sweepingly accuses, if they are all so winsomely bright and attractive as Joyce, flirting must be a most fascinating pastime. "Men are never immune," says this wise little woman, referring to the state of Philip's wounded heart; and she proves the truth of her statement fully, with the aid of the dreamily lazy summer days, the sweet odor of yellow jasmine blossoms mingled with the fragrance of pines and the influence of the famous Southern moon.

For downright mischief and trouble-brewing commend your Southern moon. Astronomers may protest all they like, but it is nevertheless a fact that the Southern moon is larger and brighter than the Northern article. You may prove this for yourself. Compare the skinny, weakly moon that scampers across the New England sky with the glorified orb that floats leisurely and majestically athwart the Southern heavens. There's all the difference that exists between a butter-clip and a dinner-plate.

Barbour's descriptions are full of simple beauty and poetry, and an atmosphere of romance hovers over garden, country road and great pillared mansion, with its ample galleries, that is not lessened by the fact that Joyce is a pretty, dainty counterpart of "Holly," and the story almost identical of incident with his former creation. Colored plates and etchings, appropriately beautiful and attractive, accompany this simple, sweet tale of a Southern courtship; and the volume in its dress of red, artistically ornamented with blossoms at once suggests a welcome addition to the list of seasonal greetings. ("Joyce of the Jasmines." By Ralph Henry Barbour. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Magazines of the Month

December Biblot reprints Robert Louis Stevenson's tribute to Yoshida Torajiro, a Japanese patriot of advanced views, who cheerfully went to his death for the faith that was in him and that his countrymen might profit by his example. As Kusakabe, a fellow-reformer, philosophically but patriotically declared as he faced death at the order of the Shogun, "It is better to be a crystal and be broken, than to remain perfect like a tile upon a house-top." So, too, Yoshida thought as he was led forth to execution at the age of thirty-one, denouncing the illegality of the Shogun's power and the crimes by which its exercise was sullied. A military engineer, a traveler, a poet, a patriot, a schoolmaster, a friend to learning and a martyr to reform, this was Yoshida Torajiro of whom Stevenson has written so sympathetically, lauding his virtues, but not omitting his faults, chief of which were disorderly apparel and a personal slovenliness hard to conceive possible in a poet.



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COLES PHILLIPS

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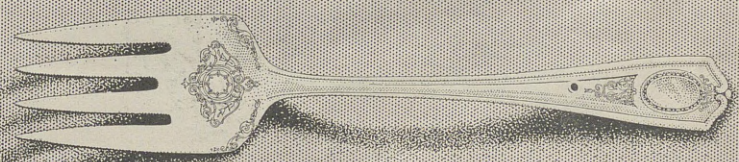
COMMUNITY SILVER

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Community Silver is guaranteed for 50 years in ordinary family use.

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SOLE AGENTS



Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not an other coming in the opposite direction. Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.
LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO

Professional and Business Directory

BOOKS, STATIONERY & PICTURES

JONES BOOK STORE, 226 West First Street

ELECTRIC LIGHTING FIXTURES

FORVE-PETTEBONE CO., 514 S. Broadway.
Main 937, Home F8037.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY

SAMUEL C. FOY, 315 North Los Angeles St.
Established 1854. Main 3808.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURERS

CARL ENTENMANN, Jeweler.
217½ S. Spring St., Upstairs.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Not Coal Lands DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR 03882
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Dec. 8, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal., who, on November 13, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 11211, Serial No. 03882, for E½ NE¼, NE¼ SE¼, Sec. 11, NW¼ SW¼, Section 12, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 19th day of January, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses: A. W. Von Arnswaldt, Alfred Hunker, Fred. H. Post, J. D. Heron, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication, December 16, 1911.

Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

return to make their home in Los Angeles, where the former is associated in business with his father. In February Mr. and Mrs. Overell will enjoy an Eastern tour.

Messrs. Reginald and Arthur Paget gave a little luncheon party at Hotel del Coronado Tuesday. These gentlemen are the sons of Lady Paget, and have just purchased a large ranch at Bishop, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Kanne have returned from their wedding trip and are at home to their friends at Howell Terrace, 1122 West Seventh street. Mrs. Kanne formerly was Miss Anne Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brown of Aberdeen, South Dakota, accompanied by their charming daughter, are at Hotel del Coronado for the winter.

Mrs. Roy Pinkham of 4665 Pasadena avenue was hostess recently at an informal buffet luncheon given in honor of Miss Susan Wilshire Carpenter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, whose marriage to Captain Jordan, U. S. A., will be an event of next month.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Janss left Thursday of this week for San Francisco, where they will be guests over Christmas and the New Year of Mrs. Janss' parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff.

Mrs. Harry L. Fridenberg and baby of New York City are guests at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Frank Beers Taylor, 624 South Burlington avenue, where they will receive their friends. Mrs. Fridenberg will be remembered as Miss Anita Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Long of Kansas City, Missouri, arrived at Hotel del Coronado Wednesday for an indefinite stay.

Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss Truman are at Arrowhead Hot Springs for the holiday season.

Invitations have been issued by members of the Crescent Bay Bachelors' Club for a ball to be given at the Venice dancing pavilion December 28. The young men in charge of arrangements are Messrs. Paul R. Gray, Arthur A. Peterson, Harold Warner, Hughes Carr and L. Melville Dyer.

Miss Mary Belle Peyton of 857 Westlake avenue will be hostess at a Christmas party Monday evening in honor of Miss Marcella Thompson of St. Louis. The affair will be informal. After the holidays Miss Peyton will give a larger entertainment for her guest.

At Mt. Washington Hotel

Mr. W. E. Bush entertained at Hotel Mt. Washington with a delightful dinner, complimentary to his wife, whose birthday anniversary the event celebrated. The birthday cake was one of the features of the dinner and the table decorations were large baskets of holly. The private dining-room was bright with Christmas bells and holly. Places were set for twenty-four friends, and after the dinner dancing was enjoyed, the affair on the whole being a most happy one.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Horshey of Philadelphia are recent guests at Hotel Mt. Washington.

Dr. Masuji Miyaskawa is a guest at Hotel Mt. Washington for the season. He is from Washington, D. C.

Mr. V. M. C. Silva of Portland, Oregon, with Miss Buford, was a dinner guest at Hotel Mt. Washington Saturday evening.

Mrs. C. A. Welch of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Miss M. E. Shaffer of Chicago, are at Hotel Mt. Washington.

Miss Code E. Haslette of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is a guest for the winter at the Mt. Washington.

Dr. Frederica Keep and Miss Annabell Keep have returned to Hotel Mt. Washington for the winter, after an absence of two months.

Mrs. Davis of Minneapolis was a guest of Miss Woodward Wednesday at luncheon at the Mt. Washington hotel.

Coronado Hotel's Added Attractions

Many improvements have been made at Hotel del Coronado, the famous seaside hostelry. The entire house has been renovated, four new bowling alleys have been added, the salt plunge doubled in size, new saddle horses and new boats provided, and every detail brought down to date. New manage-

ment took charge October 15, in the persons of H. W. Wills, formerly of the St. Francis, and of the Canadian Pacific's hotel system, and W. Gainer Thigpen, his assistant. Motorists will find the roads about Coronado and San Diego exceptionally good, as more than two hundred miles of new boulevards have been completed. Elaborate plans have been made for the polo season at the Coronado Country Club.

"Servant in the House"

(Presented by College Students)

Truly, the redemption of the drama is at hand when the junior class of a local college selects and presents in public performance such a worthy offering as "The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy. When it was formally announced that the junior class of the University of Southern California would, under the direction of Professor Natkemper of the College of Oratory, present this difficult composition it occasioned much comment of a jesting nature and not a little curiosity on the part of fellow students and townspeople. "They can never do it," declared one. "Absurd," scoffed another: "and what college boy can hope to touch the psychology of a character like that of Manson?" cried a third. Consequently, the majority of the people of the sizable audience which gathered at the Gamut Club auditorium a week ago Friday night was there largely out of sheer curiosity, and it was vastly interesting to note the effect the play produced. The significance of the play need not be discussed at this time. Every time one sees it, or reads it, it takes on an entirely new meaning, and for character creation there are few more flexible roles than are contained in this serious social problem. The Bishop of Lancashire, played by R. A. Kirckhoffer, tested and proved this young man's ability to create a character. Miss Anna St. John, as the short-sighted wife of the vicar, was well cast and presented a charming personality throughout. The vicar of Roe Barrett was strong and well-balanced, and Jayce Annis, as Mary, was so natural in her girlishness that one forgot that she was acting a part. William Loud as Rogers did good work and G. Bromley Oxman, as the "drain-man," was an interesting figure. In his breakfast table scene he was completely in the character, and later he handled the difficult dialogue with Mary in a commendable manner. To Harold Stomer fell the task of holding in its proper values the truly gigantic character of Manson. At times he rose to a height of dramatic art which is looked for only in the stars of the profession. His short speeches were his best. They were full of power and thought projection and in the longer and more descriptive lines he read in a finished style. Mr. Stomer is to be thanked for a consistent and comprehensive Manson and the university at large for this innovation in college theatricals. E. C. M.

Dickens Characters on the Stage

Quoting a recent editorial in the New York Sun on "Dickens and Our Stage," in which the writer wonders, and perhaps with reason, why the centenary of the great novelist has not been signalized here, as it has been abroad, by a special performance of one of the plays made from his works, that formerly had vogue in the American theater, the Dramatic Mirror remarks: "The reminiscent part of the Sun's editorial recalls happily notable performances and impersonations in which the genius of Dickens was by no means unimpaired." The Sun's article is thus remindful:

"The Captain Cuttle of W. E. Burton was as famous as the Marchioness of Lotta Crabtree at a later day or the Jo of Jenny Lee. In our time the Caleb Plummer of Joseph Jefferson was the most notable of the Dickens portraits to be seen on the stage, although Fanny Janauscheck's melodramatic portrayal of both Lady Dedlock and Hortense added vitality to another version of 'Bleak House.' Then Nancy Sikes was long a popular role with Fanny Davenport and emotional actresses of her day and to a later period. Recently E. S. Willard brought here a dramatic version of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' in which he acted Tom Pinch. The latest adaptation of a Dickens novel to the stage was 'Little Dorrit,' which, imported from England, enjoyed a mild degree of popularity at the Bijou theater a few years ago."

Adds the Dramatic Mirror: "Not all the famous impersonations are

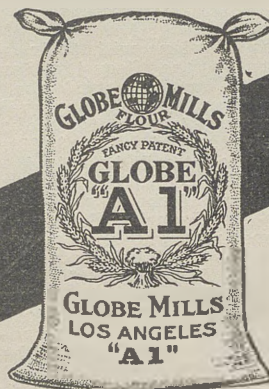
A Christmas Pudding Recipe

By Mrs. C. E. Pearce---Free on Request

This recipe will tell you how to make the best Christmas pudding you ever had. Mrs. Pearce is authority on good things to eat, and is Director of Domestic Science Department, Y. W. C. A.

She uses

GLOBE "A-1" FLOUR



for all her baking, and if you make this Christmas pudding with "A-1" you will have a grand success.

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GLOBE MILLS, Dept. G.
Kindly send me directions for Christmas Pudding, by Mrs. Pearce.

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Afternoon Tea, from four until six o'clock (50 cents), in the Grand Salon, is one of the Attractive Features of Social Life in Los Angeles.

Mission Indian Grill is a delightful and unique resort for after-theater parties.

Fine Orchestra Music

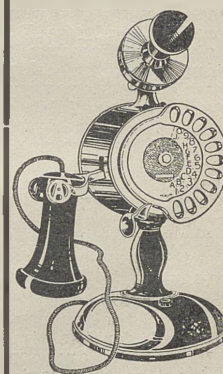
mentioned here, by any means. The late William J. Florence was a Captain Cuttle after the heart of any disciple of Dickens, and if the Usher's memory is not at fault, it had a material reminder of Burton's in the costume of the latter in the part; and there have been other clever Dickens actors. It is true that the plays made from Dickens, formerly applauded, would seem crude indeed in these days of careful stage craftsmanship, but they belong to stage history, and it is not out of reason, in the event of a renaissance of drama of their kind, to look for better ones on the same subjects at some future time."

To which The Graphic might further recall the art of Max Figman as seen in his capital impersonation of Dick Swiveller in "Old Curiosity Shop," so recently given in Los Angeles. It deserves to rank with the Tom Pinch of Willard, the Cap'n Cuttle of "Billy" Florence and Burton and the Caleb Plummer of Joseph Jefferson. Each was a character portrait that endeared itself to every true Dickens' lover and Max Figman's impersonation, although the most recent, is by no means the least artistic of the ones mentioned.

Capital is Unafraid of Congress

Congress does not possess so many terrors for capital as the layman might suppose. Financiers are becoming more convinced every day that future legislation will be along sensible lines and that destructive measures, insti-

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Not Coal Lands. 04243

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

November 29, 1911.

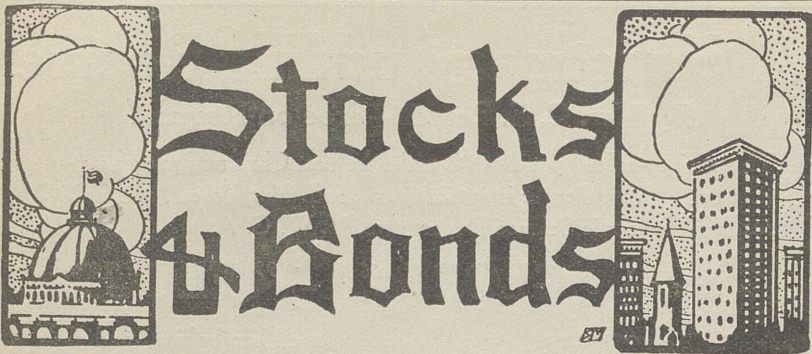
NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob Nathan, of 306 Amelia St., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on June 1, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 11763, Serial No. 04243, for E½ NW¼, N¼ NE¼, Section 28, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 10th day of January, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Isaac Calvert, J. T. Brown, Edward A. Mellus, Karl H. Keith, all of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Date of first publication, December 2, 1911.

tuted partly by a spirit of revenge, will not find their way to the statute book. The "trust problem" is believed to be working itself out tolerably satisfactorily. Tariff revision sounds worse than it is expected to prove. Currency reform can only help, not hinder, financial progress. Therefore, all things considered, the session which opened last Monday is regarded with interest rather than with grave concern.



Holiday week has proved one of the best of the year in Los Angeles Stock Exchange trading, contrary to an unwritten custom, which invariably has decreed that business at this season shall be about as bad as possible. Evidently, 1912 is to be considerable of a hummer. Doheny Mexicans and Rice Ranch are deserving of special mention for at least a large part of the optimism which is prevailing, so far as the oil shares of this market are concerned. Rice, to the general surprise, has increased its regular dividend from one to one and a half per cent a month, and Mexican Common has been lifted this week to about the best prices of 1911. The shares have gained better than \$5 since the last report, with 50 being touted as the high to be reached before December 31. It is now an open secret that nearly all of the recent buying has been for the account of London, Paris, Berlin and New York, with orders in huge chunks still left unfilled at this writing. Also it is reported that the stock is, after all, to go on a dividend basis much earlier than was expected. In fact, it is said that an official announcement on the subject may be expected the coming week.

Mexican Preferred continues to creep upward, in sympathy with its more popular trading brother, and the Doheny Americans also are moving at last. All indications are that things will hum in the coming year, particularly in several of the most reliable of the petroleum shares of this market.

Union and the other Stewarts are a shade firmer, with these stocks, however, hardly so strong as they deserve, if the year has been anything like so prosperous as is reported. As for Associated, Exchange Alley professes to be convinced that stock is about due for a genuine advance.

Central is soft, ex-dividend, with the recent pending sale of the property presumably off, at least, for the time. So far as Santa Maria oils are concerned, Palmer is inactive and easier, with Western Union sleeping. Rice Ranch is by far the firmest item in that section, due to prospective new wells, production all contracted for, earnings satisfactory, a healthy cash surplus, and a clean management, with a dividend raise of fifty per cent, as compared to late disbursements. California Midway is in the dumps, and Consolidated is beginning to look brighter. Jade should be acquired for substantial profits.

Bonds of telephone companies are in demand, and in the industrial list Home Phones are being watched for an expected spurge.

In the banking field, Southern Trust has proved the best performer this week. The stock is selling close to 200 for the new issue, with Security Savings, Home Savings, Equitable, Citizens National, and Farmers & Merchants National all being hunted for investment.

Recent attempts to bulge several of the cheaper mining shares has proved successful, and, as usual, the public may be expected to be shorn at an early day, in these particulars, which can be moved up or down at the pleasure of those responsible for market conditions.

Money continues easy, with plenty of funds for speculation, as well as for investment. There is no sign of a change in rates.

Banks and Banking

Pasadena banking circles are discussing a rumor which has been given a partial confirmation to the effect that E. H. May and his son, E. C. May, are planning to open a new national bank in the Crown City in the near future. Mr. May, who admits that negotiations are pending for the opening of the new institution, retired recently from the presidency of the First National Bank of Pasadena, at which time his son resigned the trusteeship of the Pasadena Savings and Trust Company.

Los Angelans with their savings deposits in the Security Savings, the German-American and the Los Angeles Trust and Savings will total in the way of interest for the year a sum closely approximating \$1,750,000, while this amount will be raised to a probable \$2,500,000 by the other savings institutions of the city. It is estimated that the Security Savings will make interest payments for the year of more than \$1,000,000. This institution has between 67,000 and 68,000 depositors and with the exception of two savings banks in San Francisco is the largest in the West. The German-American will pay out a little more than \$480,000 on its 39,000 savings accounts and the Los Angeles Trust and Savings interest account amounts to about \$200,000 to be divided among 13,500 depositors. The year just closing has been a remarkable one insofar as the growth of Los Angeles banks is considered, for national, commercial and savings institutions have all recorded record-breaking figures.

That a layman be granted the same privilege in obtaining currency from the government as bankers, is one of the several new features that E. Clarence Jones, a New York banker, proposes for the new currency law. He further advocates the establishment of a more elastic currency for the people; the sale of government bonds directly to the people and their allotment at par to the smallest subscribers first; the right of the holder to reconvert bonds into currency on demand; the payment of three per cent interest to bond holders. Mr. Jones thinks the government should hold \$150,000,000 in gold in reserve in its treasury to protect its bank notes.

Andrew M. Brown has been appointed cashier of the American Savings Bank at Spring and Second streets. Mr. Brown has had many years' experience in local banks. Formerly he was teller in the First National Bank and at the time of the consolidation of the American National Bank with the Citizens National Bank he was cashier of the merged institution. Later, he was assistant to the president of the Citizens National.

Plans are being made for the establishment of a branch of the Sawtelle Citizens' State Bank at Palms. Stock is being subscribed by resident investors and plans are being considered for the erection of a building for the occupancy of the institution.

Lean Christmas for Wall Street

Wall Street employees, from the \$6-a-week office boy to the office managers with salaries reaching five figures a year, are not looking forward to the holidays with their customary joyful anticipation, says a special to the Chicago Post. It has been a lean year, a very lean year, for the "street," and as a consequence the word has gone out that it will be a pitifully emaciated Santa Claus that will go around distributing the Christmas and end-of-the-year bonuses. The year has been a poor one for the brokers from the very start, and the recent slump was scarcely necessary to aid the "glooms" in giving the "joys" the final knock-out punch. The clerical forces of the great stock exchange houses will be the chief sufferers from the falling off in the bonus funds. Scarcely any of the large houses will end the year clear, for they have experienced a big decrease in business and at the same time have been under as heavy expense in maintaining their private wire systems and branch houses as in the "fat" years. The bank employees probably will fare much better this year than the brokerage forces, though this condition usually is reversed when the stock exchange firms are prosperous. The men back of the big banks are all possessed of great wealth and they argue that it would be poor policy to make their employees suffer for the

smaller returns of the last twelve months. Several of the great banking houses make it a rule to give their managers and clerks 50 per cent of their salaries at the end of the year, and 10 and even 25 per cent distributions are not uncommon. It is not believed, however, that any firm will give 100 per cent bonuses this year, as was done by several houses in 1901.

Money Outlook at Berlin

German's money market and its present relations to that of France is considered in the financial review of the Berliner Boersen-Courier of recent date as follows:

The cheerfulness of our stock exchange is based to a large part upon the improvement of the international money market which developed of late. The funds driven from the market by fear of warlike events as a consequence of the Morocco affair began to flow back through the canals of modern finance. This process seems to go slowest in France—i. e., just in that country where withdrawals of funds by capitalists and savings banks depositors had attained the largest proportion. The latest statement of the Bank of France showed plainly that the reflux of funds on the bills of exchange account has been considerably slower than in the year before. Though this year, at the end of October, bills to the amount of 233,000,000 francs were discounted at the French central note institution, against but 140,000,000 francs at the same time of last year, the portfolio of the bank was disencumbered in the first banking week of November only to the extent of 248,000,000 francs, against 410,000,000 in the corresponding week of last year. The portfolio of the Bank of France was still nearly 400,000,000 francs larger on November 9 than at the same time of the preceding year. This necessarily leads to the conclusion that the French commercial world, which in normal times used to dispose of customers' bills of exchange only to a comparatively small extent, during the critical stage of the Morocco affair had prepared for every eventuality in the greatest measure possible by soliciting discounts from the banks. In this way only the enormous increase in the aggregate amount of bills of exchange can be explained. And the slow process of flowing back, at the same time, offers the explanation for the fact that the Bank of France continuously appears as a purchaser for all gold bullion arrivals in London. But the strikingly slow reflux of money in Paris is not the only dark spot the international money situation is showing in spite of the present easiness of money. From every large banking institution we learn that commerce and industry make urgent new demands on the money market. Economically this is a good sign. But the probability that the year's end, with its money demands pressing together, may bring with it high, possibly even abnormally high, money rates increases therewith. Besides, there is little prospect only that an important part of the withdrawn French funds will return to Germany within a measurable space of time. The French banking world seems more to be inclined to transfer a part of these funds to Vienna.

British Corporations Pay Well

In contrast with American corporations, British corporations are earning handsome increases in their profits. Analyzing the returns for the third quarter of the year, the London Economist says: "The results compare favorably with the corresponding figures of a year ago, and there is so far no sign of a break in the increase which has continued now for more than two years. Indeed, of all the published statistics that have borne witness to the trade prosperity of recent years, few have been more remarkable than the ever-rising figures of profits which we have drawn from our weekly table. The method is perhaps the most direct that could be applied to test the fortunes of joint stock enterprise, and ever since the depression which followed the crisis of 1907 it has shown a rapid and unbroken improvement. The truth is that the last few years, in spite of strikes, labor troubles and wars, the British investor has been doing uncommonly well and getting a handsome return on his money."

Stock and Bond Briefs

Judge Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, is quoted as saying that he alone had dictated the business policy of the United States Steel Corporation, and he alone was

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Gold Notes are issued for \$100, \$200 and up to \$5,000. They pay six per cent interest for large and small amounts alike.

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responsible for any shortcomings, criminal or civil, as charged in the suit begun by the government. This statement is made in answer to an attack by Louis D. Brandeis before the senate committee on interstate commerce. Judge Gary said further that the Steel corporation was never a vehicle for exploitation of Wall Street financiers. It was an institution founded on sound business principles and including in its aims and principles the real sense of its normal responsibility to all with whom it comes in contact. Commenting on the suit, the judge said: "I regard this suit as most unjust and baseless, and while I make no predictions as to the outcome, I have no fear." He added that the Steel corporation has had a clean sheet on matter of its workmen. Within the last year more than \$1,000,000 worth of safety devices had been installed and wages were upheld the last year in the face of heavy pressure. Judge Gary said at present the Steel corporation has on its payrolls about 180,000 employees. When it was running full force the number reached 240,000.

Supervisors of Los Angeles county will receive sealed bids up to 2 p. m., January 8, for the purchase of bonds of the Hermosa Beach city school district in the sum of \$8,000. The bonds will bear 5 per cent interest. Certified check must be for 5 per cent of the amount bid.

Upon recommendation of the Los Angeles county highway commission the \$525,000 bond issue, a part of the original \$3,500,000 issue, was sold to the First National Bank of Los Angeles at a premium of \$3,600.

Los Angeles councilmen have passed an ordinance providing for the issuance of \$1,632,000 bonds of the city, being a part of the \$23,000,000 authorized in 1907 for the building of the aqueduct.

Montecito at a recent election voted down a proposition of bonding to provide funds for the erection of a sloyd department in connection with the Montecito school.

Hemet citizens will hold a special election January 17 to vote on the issuance of bonds in the sum of \$20,000 for a main sewer line and sewer farm.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

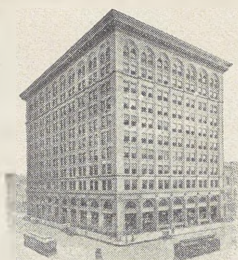
Established
1889

Largest and Oldest in the Southwest.

Resources.....\$34,000,000
Capital and Reserve... \$2,000,000

More Than 66,000 Open Accounts
Pays 4 per cent interest on Term Deposits and 3 per cent on Special Savings accounts.

Safe Deposit and Storage Department
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Public Information Bureau, free to all, in lobby of main banking room.



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N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE
IN LOS ANGELES
N. E. Cor. Second and Main

F. M. DOUGLAS, President.
H. J. STAVE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus, \$25,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$51,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

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Not knowing what it may bring to you or how a little extra money might give you the opportunity to make a profitable investment, the necessity of a savings account, now in this strong bank, is evident.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The past few weeks have proved wonderful weeks in the history of Bullock's.

Although we prepared with stocks larger by a great percentage than those of a year ago,

Although we strengthened the store's systems with hundreds of extra enthusiasts,

Although we planned largely and sufficiently to care for an even larger business than experience had led us to expect,

There have been times when we have wished for the lamp of Aladdin, that the genii might appear, and the store be doubled, yes, tripled, in size and in facilities.

We would like to convey to you our appreciation of the splendid Christmas Spirit that has prevailed during a season when the test has been extreme.

We are going to make Bullock's a greater Bullock's---

Another year---but of that anon.

Our wish today is that

This Christmas May Be Just the
Christmas You Would Have It
in Every Way.

Monday Bullock's will be closed all day.

Tuesday---Transformation! Economy will reign supreme.

